WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1907 No. 8

CONTENTS.

GOV. JAMES K. VARDAMAN, OF MISSISSIPPI.—Frontispiece

EDITORIALS - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson* 717
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

Some Political History and Comment—Rotten Advertisements—The Great Political Battle in Mississippi—What is Law? Two Celebrated Cases—Color Line in England—Drive the Usurpers Back—The Greatest of Women.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD - - - - 741

ON THE TRAIL OF THE SETTLER - - - *Ernest Cancroft* 749

ANN BOYD—A Serial Story - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 754

THE ULTIMATE PEACE—Poem - - - - *S. H. Lyle, Jr.* 761

WOMEN, MEN AND SEX - - - - - *Rev. P. W. Jones* 762

THE MORTGAGE - - - - - - - - *Jeanette Holly* 765

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON *Thos. E. Watson* 768

A BRIDE TO PHARAOH - - - - - *Frank E. Anderson* 779

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR - 781

"HIS HIGHNESS," PACIFICATOR - - - *Eugenia L. Chandler* 793

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT - - - - 797

BOOK REVIEWS - - - - - - - - 801

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE - - - - 803

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US - - - 810

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS - - - - - 812

Published Monthly by
THOS. E. WATSON.

$1.50 Per Year. Temple Court Building, Atlanta, Ga. 15 Cents Per Copy.

Entered as second class matter December 21, 1906, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Ga.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1907 No. 8

CONTENTS.

GOV. JAMES K. VARDAMAN, OF MISSISSIPPI.—Frontispiece

EDITORIALS - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson* 717
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

Some Political History and Comment—Rotten Advertisements—The Great Political Battle in Mississippi—What is Law? Two Celebrated Cases—Color Line in England—Drive the Usurpers Back—The Greatest of Women.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD - - - - 741

ON THE TRAIL OF THE SETTLER - - - *Ernest Cancroft* 749

ANN BOYD—A Serial Story - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 754

THE ULTIMATE PEACE—Poem - - - - *S. H. Lyle, Jr.* 761

WOMEN, MEN AND SEX - - - - - *Rev. P. W. Jones* 762

THE MORTGAGE - - - - - - - - *Jeanette Holly* 765

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON *Thos. E. Watson* 768

A BRIDE TO PHARAOH - - - - - *Frank E. Anderson* 779

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR - 781

"HIS HIGHNESS," PACIFICATOR - - - *Eugenia L. Chandler* 793

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT - - - - 797

BOOK REVIEWS - - - - - - - - 801

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE - - - - 803

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US - - - 810

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS - - - - - 812

Published Monthly by
THOS. E. WATSON.

$1.50 Per Year. Temple Court Building, Atlanta, Ga. 15 Cents Per Copy.

Entered as second class matter December 21, 1906, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Ga.

GOV. JAMES K. VARDAMAN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

MR. WATSON'S EDITORIALS

SOME POLITICAL HISTORY, AND COMMENT.

A citizen who is one of the class which Mr. Lincoln loved to call "the plain people," and whom I know to be an honest, intelligent, worthy man, writes me as follows:

"Thomson, Ga., May 17, 1907.

"MR. T. E. WATSON: Will you please tell me in the JEFFERSONIAN the political difference between the old Democrat and Whig parties, and what was it that caused the death of the Whig party. What is the difference between the old Democrat party before the War and the Democrat party of today?

"Yours, A. A. NEAL."

In replying to the questions of my honored friend, Mr. A. A. Neal, the chief authority used will be the official *History of the Democratic Party,* compiled by Hon. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia. Mr. Wilson was a pure and able man. The

country will remember him as the author of a Reform Tariff bill which would have been of incalculable benefit to the consumers, but which was changed into a Robber Trust measure by the 1,100 amendments put on it by the Democratic Senator, Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland.

Hon. W. L. Wilson should also be remembered with respect and gratitude as the Post-Master General who first made a practical success of Rural Free Delivery of mail, as we now have it, after his predecessor in office, Mr. Bissell, of New York, *had ignored two Acts of Congress* COMMANDING the Postoffice Department to make the experiment.

* * * * * *

Omitting minor points of difference, it may be said that "the difference between the old Democrat and Whig parties" was the same as that which separated the schools of Jefferson and Hamilton.

The old Democratic party stood for Free Trade, for equal and exact justice to all without Special Privileges to any, for a strict construction of the Constitution, for the maintenance of States Rights, for "the separation of the moneys of the Government from banking institutions." The old Democratic party was opposed to National banks. It took its stand, flatfooted, on the proposition that *"Congress has no power to charter a U. S. bank; we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions, and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people."*

(That sounds like a Populist speech of 1893, does it not, friend Neal? Yet it is copied, word for word, from the sixth Resolution of the Democratic National Convention of 1840.)

That Democratic Convention was held in Baltimore. Obeying the will of Andrew Jackson it gave its unanimous vote for Martin Van Buren for Presidential nominee. The seventh Resolution of the platform declared that "Congress has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States." The 2nd Resolution declared that Congress has no Constitutional power "to commence or carry on a general system of internal improvements."

The 4th Resolution declared "that justice and sound policy

forbid the federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another."

This being the Democratic position in 1840, we may readily guess what was the creed of the opposing party, the Whigs. They *favored,* Internal Improvements, National Banks, Protective Tariffs, and a liberal construction of the Constitution.

"What was it that caused the death of the Whig party?"

The slavery question.

Mason and Dixon's line went through the great Whig party as a knife cuts a melon. Southern Whigs became Democrats—they had nowhere else to go. Northern Whigs became either Democrats or Abolitionists.

"What is the difference between the old Democratic party before the war and the Democratic party of today?"

THE OLD DEMOCRATIC PARTY WAS OPPOSED TO THIS KIND OF DEMOCRACY.

Just the same as the difference between any other two things which *differ* from top to bottom and from center to circumference.

The Democratic party of today occupies opposite ground, at every point, to that held by the old Democratic party of 1840. It *favors* National Banks. It *favors* the fostering of "one branch of industry to the detriment of another."

It *sanctions* a liberal construction of the Constitution,—so liberal that the *construction,* the child, does not "favor" its daddy, the Constitution.

It *sanctions* Internal Improvement, and votes supplies for the biennial Pork Barrel so liberal that even the shoats are satisfied. In some cases, the appropriations for little one-horse rivers are almost as big as the river. Custom Houses are multiplied all over the country, thousands of miles from the sea and the ships,—inaccessible save to mountain-climbing salary grabbers. The solemnity with which Uncle Sam appoints and pays a colored gentleman "Surveyor of the Port" for such hill-towns as Atlanta, Georgia, is only equalled by the seriousness with which he listens to Mr. Taft's speeches setting forth our altruism in the Philippines.

The 5th Resolution of the Democratic platform of 1840 declared that the practice of "the most rigid economy" was *the duty* of every branch of the Government and that " no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of government."

Under President Cleveland, the modern Democratis party gave us its idea upon this important subject. The Public Debt was increased by more than two hundred million dollars, offices and salaries were increased, and by acts which speak louder than words the extravagant administration of our public affairs by the Republican party was cordially endorsed by "the other twin," the Democratic party.

For several years, the Government has been taxing out of the pockets of the unprivileged people, many millions of dollars in excess of its necessary requirements. This surplus money is a burden to Uncle Sam, but comes handy to the pet National Banks. These pets enjoy the free use of public money, year in and year out, to amounts ranging from sixty millions to one hundred and eighty million dollars. Of late years, the amount has far exceeded one hundred million dollars. At present, it is crowding the two hundred million dollar limit. Yet neither Democrats nor Republicans seriously combat this indefensible

abuse of the taxing power,—this forcing of the many to give up their cash for the use of the few.

* * * * * *

The Republican party of Thomas Jefferson was organized to fight the Hamilton Federalists. Under the elder Adams, the Federalists met a Waterloo. This disaster was, in part, caused by the treachery of Hamilton himself. In a mean spirit of spite and revenge, he knifed John Adams, because Adams had detected and foiled the Hamiltonian intrigue to bring on a war between this country and France.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to sturdy, honest, patriotic John Adams for his defeat of Alexander Hamilton's deep-laid plans, at this critical period, has seldom been acknowledged, and has never been fully appreciated.

The Jefferson Republicans remained in power until the memorable campaign in which William H. Crawford was the Caucus nominee. By the unwritten law of succession in Jefferson's party, Crawford was entitled to its loyal support. He had stood back for Monroe, when he could have secured the nomination for himself; and there was "a gentleman's understanding" that Crawford was to be the next President, after Monroe. But the *unexpected* happened.

Crawford had a stroke of paralysis, and a close-corporation of politicians, who were new men of the tribe of the Outs, had taken possession of Andrew Jackson, as a political asset of great promise; and the grim soldier from Tennessee was ready to defy Caucus Custom, party law, political precedent, and everything else *"to serve my country, sir,"* as President.

Mary's lamb was not more certain to follow Mary wherever that popular maiden went, than a first-class row and fight was sure to keep close to Andrew Jackson, whenever that pugnacious Irishman moved from one sphere into another.

His advent into national politics played smash in all directions. It plowed up the ground, unsettled the weather, broke the slates, confused the pilot, muddled the mind of the engineer, broke up old groups and compelled the formation of new ones.

When the boat had quit rocking, and the waves had somewhat subsided, and the sailors looked abroad to get their bearings, conditions had undergone a change.

The Jefferson Republican party was nowhere to be seen. To use the slang of the day, it had been put out of business. The Andrew Jackson men, calling themselves Democrats, professed to be the true disciples of the Sage of Monticello, and clung to

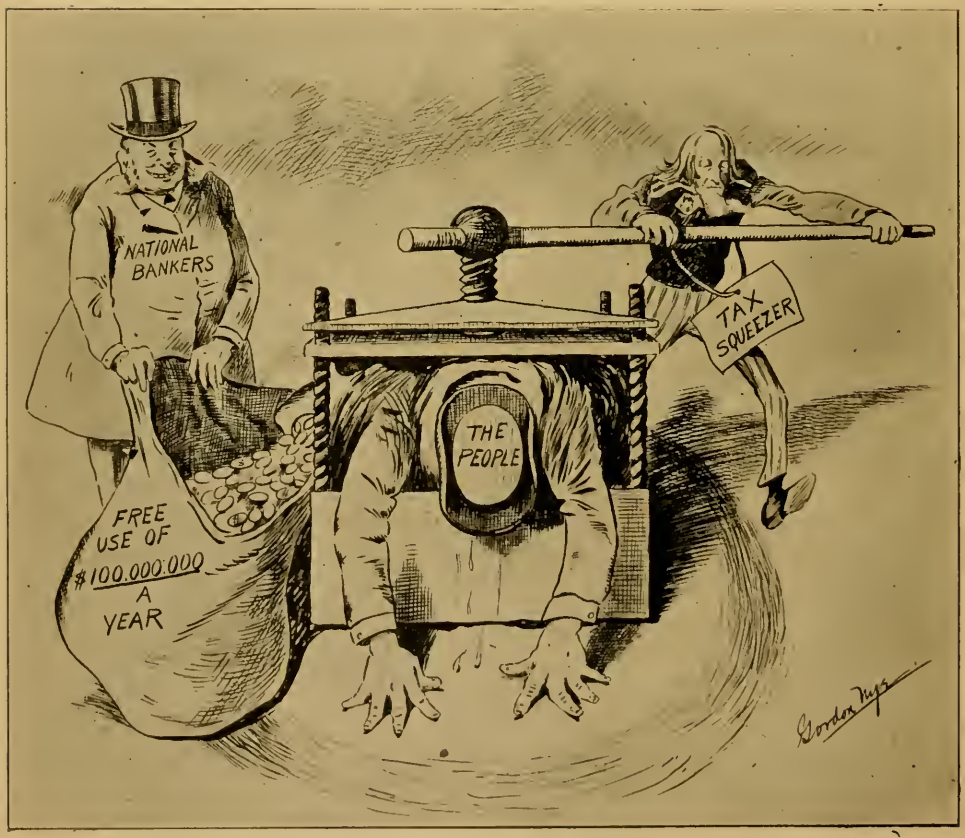
the Declaration of Independence as the sheet anchor of their faith.

The old party of Federalists was gone; and the various elements opposed to Jacksonian Democracy began to be known, collectively, as the Whig party.

Then came the rock of Slavery, and the split-up of Secession; when the smoke of battle lifted there were but two great parties, Democrats and Republicans.

During the fearful conflict between the sections, the Government was often in the direst straits gasping for breath. *To live*, it granted Special Privileges. The opportunity thus given to the Capitalists was exploited to the utmost, without mercy, without shame, without any other motive than the most selfish, sordid, unpatriotic greed.

The Government had saved itself and freed the slaves—but



THE PET BANKERS ENJOY THE FREE USE OF PUBLIC MONEY.

at a price which will be a mill-stone about the necks of our children's children even as it as been about ours.

Special Privilege has fastened itself so firmly, so deeply, with such infernal art and thoroughness, that *in pulling out the weed there is danger to the flower.*

Since the Civil War, the two great parties have each been the servile tools of Special Privilege. *They are so to-day.* For forty years, the leaders of these two parties have kept up a sham battle, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously. So far as the exploiters of Special Privilege are concerned, the battle has *always* been consciously and designedly, a sham battle. *To keep the masses divided,* was the simple policy of the Privileged classes *who were united.* These National bankers, manufacturers, bond-holders, railroad kings, Trust magnates tag themselves *"Democrat"* or *"Republican,"* but the difference in the tags means no difference in the principles or the purposes of the men. But *they* went through the form of fighting each other, at long range, through political conventions, party platforms, and newspaper controversies, in order to *draw the unprivileged masses of taxpaying citizens into two hostile camps.*

Then, with about one-half the dupes in one camp, and one-half in the other, the subtle leaders went to Congress and voted together to make the laws which robbed both halves.

The dupes have been going into the two hostile camps regularly, ever since the cruel war was over. Every two years, the subtle leaders go through the form of marshaling their troops for battle. There is the noise and heat of a political campaign. Feroid oratory does its time-honored stunt. The editor re-vamps the old campaign lies. Sectional hate and race prejudice are played up to the limit. Then comes the ballot. Then comes the "glorious victory," *of the subtle leaders.* THEY NEVER LOSE. So long as they can keep the masses divided, THEY CAN'T LOSE. A Republican triumph is a victory for the Privileged Few. A Democratic victory is a triumph of the Privileged Few.

If *your* rooster whips your gobbler, it is *your* champion that crows. If *your* gobbler chases your "Dominecker," it is *your* champion that struts till his wings plow trenches in the ground.

How any citizen of common intelligence can study the present make-up of the national committees of the two old parties, consider the Trust magnates, National bankers, railroad kings, and other exploiters of Special Privilege who have taken possession, and *then* hope for real, radical reform *from* either the Re-

IT IS ALWAYS A VICTORY FOR THE PRIVILEGED FEW

publican or Democratic party, as now constituted, passes my power of comprehension.

In Great Britain, a few years ago, there was a crusade against the hereditary *House of Lords.*

Who led the movement? Lord Roseberry, the son-in-law of Rothschild.

We Americans laughed at such a movement for we knew it could not possibly be honest, sincere, earnest and effective. The event proved that the whole campaign was a side-tracking fraud. But it served its purpose. It hood-winked the people and saved the *Lords.*

But another order of leaders is now at the helm in Great Britain, and there is a new movement against the *House of Lords.*

And *this* time nobody laughs; least of all the Lords.

Why? Because the movement is being led by the champions of the Laboring Classes,—and the Privileged Few *know* that *it is war to the knife.*

In this country, we have had sham campaigns against Privilege *led by the Privileged.* How could we expect satisfactory results when the beneficiaries of the wrong manage the case against it?

In our private affairs, we would never be guilty of such folly. We would never allow the litigant against us to serve on the jury. We would never consent for the lawyer on the other side to act as judge. In a crusade against gambling hells, we would not choose the blacklegs as leaders. In a Prohibition fight, we do not ask the guidance of the Liquor Dealers' Association.

Why should we do the wise things everywhere else, and *reserve our foolishness for politics?* Why not bring our mother wit, our common sense, to bear *upon matters of Government?*

We KNOW that Special Privilege is rank poison to Democratic Government, yet in the crusade which we go through the form of waging against Special Privilege, every two years, we have National Conventions controlled by the beneficiaries of Special Privilege, National Committees made up like a deck of "stacked" cards, and campaign funds supplied by those who take, as security, a mortgage upon the future of the party.

Will we *never* learn better than to choose a hereditary Lord as our leader *against* the Lords? Will we *always* be silly enough to range ourselves under the two descredited standards when all those who have eyes *can see for themselves* THAT THE MANAGERS OF BOTH PARTIES ARE DRAWN FROM THE SELECT CIRCLE OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGE?

Both the old parties are now hopelessly Hamiltonian; it remains to be seen whether we shall have a party of Jeffersonians in 1908, or whether we shall have one more final "Farewell performance" of *"The Twins."*

ROTTEN ADVERTISEMENTS.

How do our Socialist friends satisfy their consciences when they sell their space to advertising swindlers? What consistency is there in drumming up converts to the gospel of universal brotherhood, and then tempting the brethren to enter the traps of rascals?

Here's my friend, H. Gaylord Wilshire,—and a fine man he is, too!—allowing his excellent magazine to be used to further the fraudulent designs of the most unscrupulous fakers.

Mr. Wilshire, do you believe that Dr. Coffee has written a book which will teach any man or woman how to cure DEAFNESS, or ANY DISEASE *of the eye, ear, nose, or throat?*

As a man of intelligence, *you know* that neither Dr. Coffee, nor his book, nor any other Doctor or any other book, can do anything of the kind.

Why then do you sell half a page of your magazine to such a man, and thus give him an opportunity *to victimize those subscribers who are pinning their faith to you?*

It is your duty *to protect* your subscribers,—is this the way to do it?

You sell an entire page to a "Magnetic Shield Co.," whose flaming announcement begins with,

"EVERY KNOWN DISEASE CAN BE CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE!" Do you believe *that,* Gaylord?

What effect do you suppose *Magnetism* would have on Meningitis, Typhoid Fever, Pneumonia, Consumption, Hydrophobia, and other *known diseases* of like character?

Another of your advertisements begins with these comforting words: *"Blind—I cure you!"* Under the picture of a human eye, your Dr. O'Neal repeats the words, *"Blind, or going blind, I cure you."*

On another page, the entire space is given to a fellow who undertakes to cure all kinds of Rheumatism by selling a plaster to wear on the foot!

Fie, Fie, Gaylord!

Any of us are liable to get hold of bad ads., occasionally, but what defense can be made for a magazine which is crammed

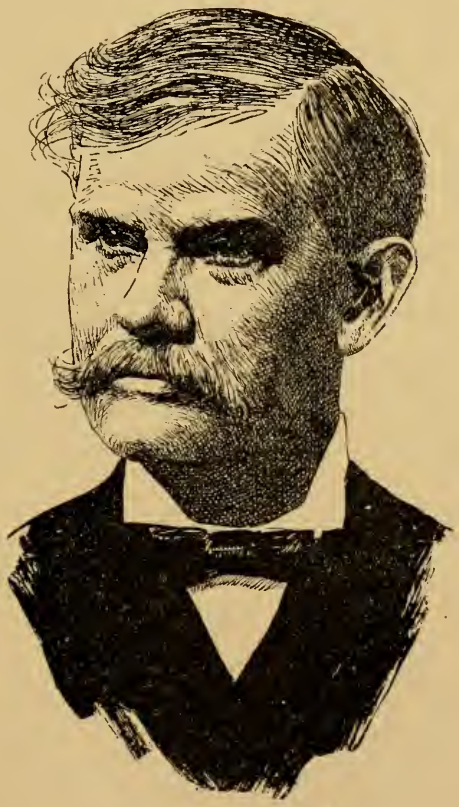
with that sort of stuff from month to month, and year to year?

Brother Wilshire, *you* are now one of the worst offenders,—about as bad as that other Socialist paper, *The Rip Saw.*

In the name of decency and common honesty, *stop it.* If your magazine cannot live without putrid food, *let it die.*

THE GREAT POLITICAL BATTLE IN MISSISSIPPI.

The race between Governor James K. Vardaman and the Hon. John Sharp Williams for the United States Senate reached, in July, the acute stage of joint debates. Mississippi is aroused as she has not been in many years.



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams has been elaborately expatiating upon his noble achievements as Representative in Congress, and has worked himself into the belief that a grateful posterity owes him monuments and things.

It may give Mr. Williams a disagreeable sensation to be told that the most prominent features in his public career, as they have impressed impartial critics, are as follows:

An over-supply of ill-timed levity and so-called wit, when the occasion has demanded *sobriety,* in all of its varieties;

A constant struggle to win the approval of the "Safe and Sane" Wall Street element of *both* political parties;

A pitiable failure *to measure up to great opportunities,* as in the Rate bill fight, the Ship Subsidy fight, and the Chairmanship of the Democratic National Convention;

His lack of any definite, constructive policy, programme, plan and purpose during the entire period of his leadership of the Democratic minority.

In other countries, where parliamentary government prevails, it is an every-day ocurrence for the minority leaders to force a part of their plan, or policy, upon the majority. We have seen this happen, time and again, in England, France, and Germany. Some years ago, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the leader of a small minority group, not only compelled the acceptance of a part of his programme by the British government, but he actually became the dominant power.

Mr. Williams has not been able to do what the radical leaders in England, in France, and in Germany have done. Why?

He had precisely the same opportunities. His chances for success were just as good as those of the minority leaders of other parliamentary bodies. If anything, his opportunities were better.

Why then has his failure been so conspicuous and so complete?

Either *he had no definite plans* and purposes, or

He lacked the necessary ability.

It is probable that the sterility of his Congressional career is less due to lack of ability than to the lack of definite purpose. It would seem that he does not possess the practical ideas of *the constructive statesman.*

He accomplished no particular work, because there was nothing special in the way of law-making which he wanted to do.

He has had no earnest determination to carry into effect any special measures, and therefore his public record is barren of any work beneficial to his country.

He did nothing much, *because there was nothing much that he wanted to do.*

WHAT IS LAW? TWO CELEBRATED CASES.

In the New York case, the Judge allowed the prosecution to pull Evelyn Thaw through the purlieus of her past life, permitted Jerome to make the wretched creature lay bare every loathsome secret of a career of sin and shame, gave him free rein as he dug into one heap of filth after another, day after day, until even Jerome may have been sick of the stench.

In the Virginia case, the Judge *refused* to allow the prosecution to attack the character of the girl. Judge Loving claimed that he shot Estes because his daughter told him that Estes had drugged and outraged her. He stated to the jury that his daughter told him so, and the girl corroborated her father. The State was not allowed to prove that *her statement to her father was false.*

Our readers may remember that the ruling of the New York Judge, and the conduct of Jerome, were roundly denounced, in this magazine. We contended that *the truth* of the wife's statement to her husband *was not in the issue at all.*

The guilt, or innocence, of Thaw hinged upon *this* question, Did his wife tell him what he claimed she did; and did he act upon *the honest belief* that she had told him the truth?

Whether her story was, in fact, the truth, did not affect the question of her husband's guilt, or innocence, in the slightest degree.

It was *his mental condition,* brought about by his wife's story, that determined the legal nature of his act,—not the truth or falsity of the story itself.

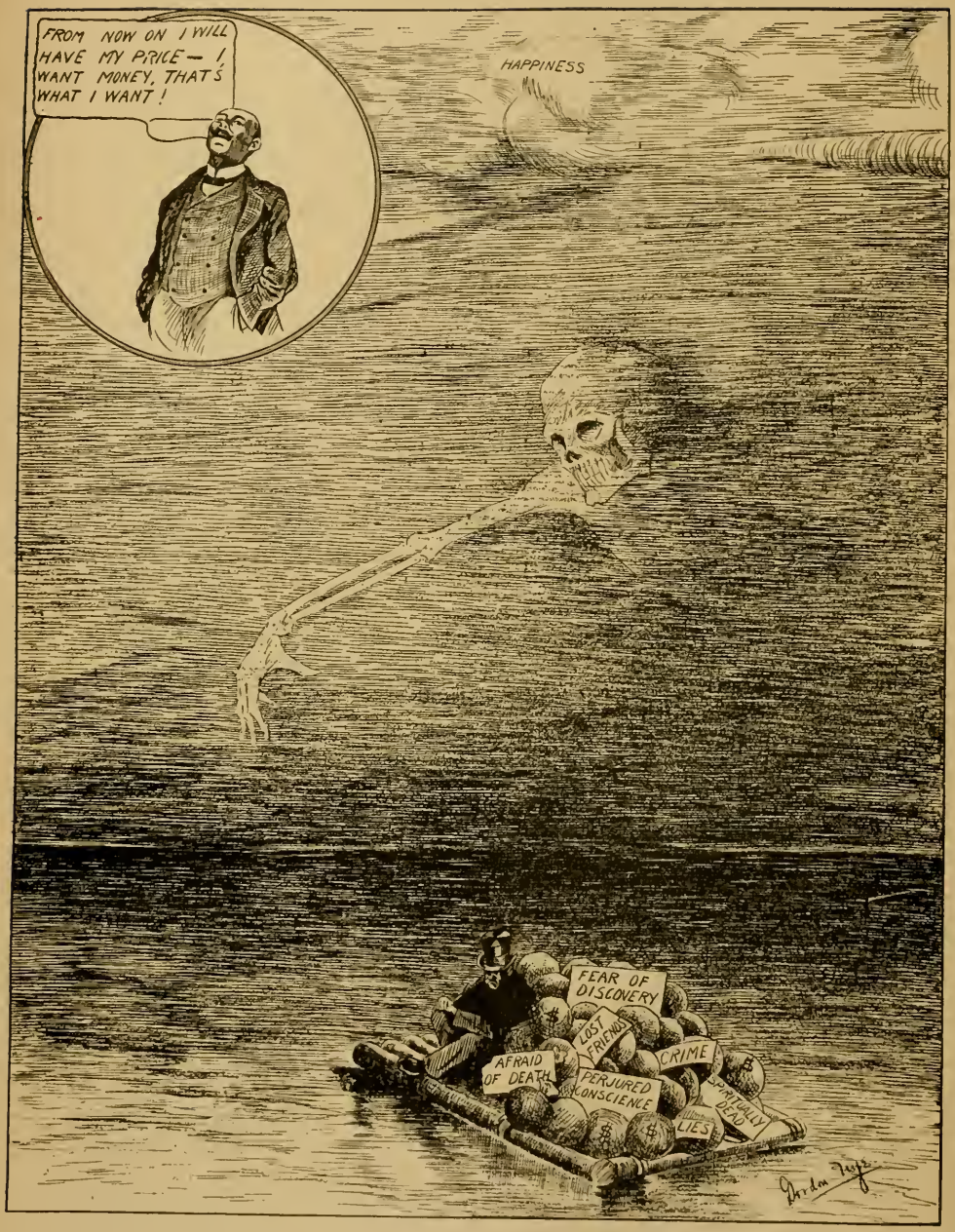
In the Virginia case, the Judge ruled that the character of the girl and the truth or falsity of her statement to her father, had nothing to do with the issue which the Jury was impanelled to try.

* * * * * *

Of the Loving-Estes tragedy, in other respects, we prefer to say but little. The evidence traveled within narrow limits, but showed up some ugly features.

We pity the father, whose daughter confessed to turning up a whiskey bottle, and taking two drinks, during a Sabbath evening drive.

We pity the girl, who was placed in the frightful predicament of having to condemn her father to the gallows, or herself to life-long semi-disgrace, and, perhaps, to eternal *remorse.*



HE GOT IT!

We can all accumulate money if we are willing to sell our brain and soul to the highest bidder. Study this picture—does it pay.

Drawn by Gordon Nye.

We pity the young man, who was shot down without a minute's warning, while engaged at his ordinary work, seemingly oblivious of the awful crime charged against him, and apparently having no suspicion that an Avenger was seeking his life.

How a white man, of average intelligence and respectability, could have committed the foul deed of which Estes was accused, and then conduct himself as Estes did, up to the moment he was shot, passes human comprehension.

The suspicion arises and clings, that the girl, *in excusing her intoxication to her father,* put more than a fair share of blame on the boy, or was understood by her father to say more than the facts warranted, and that the father acted, *with fatal haste, upon the imperfect information.*

COLOR LINE IN ENGLAND—ADMIRALTY AND WAR OFFICE REFUSE TO PERMIT SUBJECT TO ENLIST.

(London, July 3.—The British Admiralty and War Office have both drawn the color line against a youth born in London of a negro father and English mother. On the death of his parents the Strand Board of Guardians took charge of the boy, who has now grown up and desires to serve his country, but the authorities refuse to permit him to enlist in either the navy or the army. This banning of a British subject because of his color promises to lead to a lively discussion in Parliament, where the matter will son be brought up.)

* * * * * *

From the above, it will be seen that Great Britain is taking time by the forelock. *She* does not want any Brownsville riots and Foraker Resolutions. She knows now, what our own government will see before a great while longer, that *the whites* must maintain with jealous care and constant effort, *that civilization which the whites created.*

The negroes had nothing whatever to do with the evolution of Anglo-Saxon institutions.

The system of things under which we live is the production of the white man's brain and hand, of the white man's intellect and character, of the white man's ideals, of the white man's pen and sword. The negroes had nothing whatever to do with making our civilization what it is—*absolutely nothing.* In all essential respects, Anglo-Saxon Institutions were established before a

single negro had been tamed and domesticated among English-speaking people.

By the arduous effort of centuries, by a persistence and a fortitude which despaired at no reverses, by paying the price of toil when *that* was required and the price of blood when *that* was demanded, we built the white man's government, the white man's law, the white man's *way of doing things,*—the white man's civilization.

Black tribes in Africa, making never-ending war upon other black tribes in Africa, lived the life of savagery during all the thousands of years when white savages were emerging from barbarism, and laying the broad foundations of enlightened government. Africa had the richest soil in the world, but the negroes, one century after another, remained in utter ignorance of Agriculture. Africa had the finest of rivers and harbors, but the negroes, one century after another, remained in utter ignorance of Commerce. Africa was blessed by nature with boundless natural wealth, but the negroes, century after century, remained in utter ignorance of the proper use to be made of a single one of their God-given advantages.

Densely ignorant and bestial when Darius went down in defeat before Alexander the Great, densely ignorant and bestial when Pompey the Great was fleeing for life from Julius Cæsar, they were equally ignorant and bestial when the Crusaders stormed Jerusalem, and when the first legislative assembly of white men that ever convened on this Continent met at Jamestown.

The wolly-headed negro, caught or bought in Africa, was the slave of ancient Egypt, the slave of ancient Rome, the slave of antiquity, and the slave of modern times.

Warring African tribes, even when Cannibalistic, could not easily dispose of all the slain and all the captives. When European traders established slave-markets in which those defeated negroes whom the victorious negroes did not eat could be sold. African chiefs were only too glad to exchange a surplus of prisoners for a barrel of New England rum.

And whatever improvement has EVER *taken place in the negro race, has come to it by way of those negroes who were sold into slavery.*

The lineal descendants of those slaves are the educated colored gentlemen who call themselves Afro-Americans.

The lineal descendants of those negroes who remained in Africa, free and ignorant, are to be found in Africa today, just

as free and just as ignorant as their ancestors were thousands of years ago.

Without the aid of the whites, the negroes of Africa will never be other than savages.

With the aid of the whites, the negroes of Hayti took on about as much of the white man's civilization as the negroes of the United States now possess; and as soon as Yellow Fever and Black Insurrection drove the French from the Island, the negro's smear of civilization washed off, and he lapsed into the barbarism from which the whites had lifted him.

If the negroes of this country were transplanted in Africa, and *left to themselves* for fifty years, the savage grandchildren of Booker Washington would, in all probability, live in a state of constant warfare with the savage grandchildren of Bishop Turner; and as fast as one of the naked bands of savages collected more prisoners than was necessary for pot purposes, the surplus would be sold to Arab slave-dealers for Peruna, Coca Cola, Rock and Rye, Mountain Dew and other Soft Drinks. Those who see, in the wonderful advancement of the negroes of this country, anything but a demonstration of *what the white man can do even with sorry materials,* are mere superficial thinkers, gifted with no real insight into facts.

Slavery, on the whole, was an immense blessing to the negro race. *The contrast between the children of the slaves in America and the children of the free blacks in Africa,* IS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT AND OVERWHELMING VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH FROM THE CHARGE OF MALTREATMENT OF THE NEGRO.

Toward the negro, the writer has no "prejudice" whatever; but, knowing what the negro is, he knows that it is a mis-statement to say that the whites discriminate against him *because of the color of his skin.* Such is not the case. *Nobody* has any predjudice against another baceuse of the color of his skin. The color line is drawn because of *racial characteristics,* not because of skin color. The negroes, as a race, have certain well-known traits which make them absolutely different, in some vitally important respects, from the whites; and the color line is drawn because of *that.*

If the negro, *in character,* were the same as the Caucasion, *nobody would care a thrip about his black skin.* It is because the black skin covers a human being who is of *a lower type,* that the color line is drawn.

The white man cannot afford to risk the mongrelizing of his race by encouraging relations between whites and blacks which

tend to equality and intermarriage. When Henry Ward Beecher prophesied that the blacks would finally disappear *by absorption into the white race,* he was speaking in the delirium of Abolition fever. That method of getting rid of the negroes would now excite as much horror and disgust in New York as in New Orleans, in Boston as in Richmond.

The white nations should adopt a settled policy on this grave question, and should adhere to it rigidly. *In all affairs of government,* THE WHITES, EXCLUSIVELY, SHOULD CONTROL.

Legal rights, to the fullest extent, should be conceded to the negro; he should be absolutely protected in life, limb, liberty, and property. But there we should stop. *Political privileges* should not be his. He is not fit to govern, to legislate, to adjudge or to administer, and he should not be thrust into the civil or military service. *It is best for the negro race,* that he stay in his place,—that of *an inferior who shall be protected in all the rights that nature gives him.*

Whenever the attempt is made to cancel the fact that the negro is a negro, the results are disappointing.

Race-color, race-differences, race-prejudice, are eternally actual. The stubborn reality defies the legislative harmonizer, mocks the generous dreamer, and confounds the benevolent doctrinaire. No matter what illusions we may have once indulged, it must be apparent at this late day that the God-made separation of blacks and whites is not to be reversed by the puny efforts of man.

Booker Washington may dine with Andrew Carnegie and lunch with Roosevelt, but he never felt "at home" on either occasion, nor would he ever feel "at home" in any white man's house. Neither would any white man feel "at home" in any negro man's house.

When the Federal Government puts negro office-holders over the heads of white people, as it is constantly doing, the arrangement is always felt to be unnatural, and it always inflicts mortification upon the whites. Bitter resentment is felt by the white boys and girls in Washington City who are compelled to work under negro bosses.

If I were to tell you how one of President Cleveland's negro appointees, in Washington, patted the bare shoulder of a lady clerk from Georgia, and how this same lady, who was the widow of the son of a former Governor of Georgia, was hectored and bullied and ordered about the burly negro man whom Cleve-

land's appointment had made her boss—*the hot blood would burn your face.*

Where negroes are foisted into places where they have no business to be, the amount of social injury inflicted upon the State is beyond calculation.

Necessity often compels a white boy or girl, a white man or woman, to take service under a negro, but there is always a sense of shame about it. No bitterer pill does the bread-winner have to swallow. The game of politics never exacts a more degrading forfeit than it demands in just such instances as these.

The same spirit of resentment is aroused where the white railway mail clerks are virtually compelled to recognize the social equality of the colored clerks. They have to eat at the same tables and *sleep in the same beds.*

The Government has adopted regulations which make this compulsory. The white clerk has to submit to the outrage and endure the humiliation, or lose his job.

Such things are deplorable. The remedy is simple and should be applied.

Leave the negro out of it when it comes to running the Government. The whites made the Government what it is; the negroes had no hand in making it; let the whites hold exclusive control.

Give to the negro, in the fullest measure, his *rights* as a man and citizen; but stop at that. *Political privilege* is a different thing entirely; reserve that for the whites.

Then you remove the source of the trouble, and the two races will dwell together with less friction and conflict.

Negroes in the army, means Brownsville riots. Negroes at the head of Government Departments, means insults to white girls and humiliations to white boys. Negroes in the Civil Service, means *compulsory social equality* which is of no benefit to the colored clerk, and which stirs in the soul of the white clerk the passions of hell.

If some one of the political parties were to take the bold position that henceforth this country is to be governed entirely by the whites, there would be an upheavel in 1908 which would show that in the North, as in the South, *the day of illusions is over,* and that the time has come to recognize the fact that the Negro is a negro—NOT A CAUCASIAN WITH A BLACK FACE.

DRIVE THE USURPERS BACK.

In no other civilized country on the globe would a single citizen, happening to have been appointed Judge, be allowed to set his own opinion, no matter how honest, against the combined opinions of the Executive and of those who constitute the Legislative branch of the Government. *In no other country would a judge be permitted to practice nullification.* Nowhere else on earth does one man, *sitting on the Bench,* EXERCISE THE SOVEREIGN POWER *to say what shall be* THE LAW OF THE LAND.

Yet that is precisely what is taking place in the United States.

Some federal judge who may have had, previous to the accident of his appointment, no prominence as a lawyer, none as a scholar, none as a patriotic citizen, leader, publicist or legislator, assumes by virtue of his office to set aside an Act of the State Legislature, or an Act of Congress, made by men chosen by the votes of the people, and supposed to represent *the governing quantity* known as the *Will of the People.* The federal judge may not be a man of more than average capacity; he may not be learned in Constitutional law, or any other kind of law; he may not be a learned man at all; yet, immediately upon being appointed federal judge by the Executive, he arrogates to himself the authority to cancel whatever may be done by all the wise men of the National Council. Presidents, Senators, Representatives, Cabinet Officers, Heads of Departments, Governors, State Legislatures, accomplished statesmen, profound lawyers, cultured editors—all, *all,* ALL are reduced to mere nullities by a federal judge who may not possess the least advantage over any one member of the Senate, and who certainly cannot be supposd to be *wiser than every one* who was concerned in the making of the Law.

Is it not monstrous that one man, *not elected by the people,* should exercise this tremendous power *in a Republic?*

Is it not monstrous that the people should in this manner have to obey an irresponsible master, *in a democratic government,* when no such power is claimed or exercised by the judges in Great Britain, or France, or Germany, or other civilized lands?

Where did the federal judges get this authority to nullify laws?

They got it by judicial usurpation. There never was a day when the President could not have set the limit to these alarming

encroachments. Without the strong arm of the executive to enforce its judgments, the Judiciary is helpless. The framers of the Constitution expected that the Executive would always be jealous of its own authority and could be depended on to assert itself whenever the Judiciary went too far. Under Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, the precedent was set of reducing to naught the mandates of the Judiciary. *The Executive simply ignored the Court.* Consequently, the Court was unable to enforce its will.

If President Cleveland had been, at heart, favorable to the Income Tax, he would have gone on and enforced the law, in spite of the *five-to-four vote of those nine citizens who happened to hold appointments as Judges.*

He would have denounced the infamous manner in which the decision was reached, he would have held up to universal scorn the corrupt judge who sold himself; he would have issued orders for the collection of that tax; and *the millionaires who escaped taxation by bribing a federal judge,* WOULD HAVE KNUCKLED DOWN!

The construction which certain federal judges have placed upon the 14th amendment is wrong. That amendment was intended to fix the status of the negro, *not to build a City of Refuge for marauding corporations.*

The construction which certain federal judges place on the words "no person shall be deprived of his property without due process of law," is wrong.

They hold it to mean that it gives them the authority *to act as prophets,* and to annul any statute which in their opinion WILL prevent corporations from earning net profits. No judge has the right to act as a prophet; and *no judge has the right to say that corporation property has been confiscated, when it has been deprived of net profits.*

How it was that these two heresies ever got firmly fixed in the minds of any set of federal judges, it is impossible to explain.

The law never did promise or guarantee *net profits,* to anybody—NEVER!

The feudal barons who demanded it, and the English King who yielded it, had no sort of an idea of sanctifying the principle of net profits when they wrote the clause of *The Great Charter* which protected lands, houses, cattle, moneys, etc., *from arbitrary seizures and confiscations.*

Yet these errant federal judges say by their decisions that

the corporations are not only entitled to keep their property, but must be guaranteed net profits.

DOES ANY OTHER CLASS OF PROPERTY, *or any other kind of business,* ENJOY THAT BOON?

Certainly not.

From what source, then, do the errant judges derive the principle that corporation PROFITS are sacred?

All of us know that there are periods when, owing to the laws, taxes, fixed charges, unfavorable conditions, etc., almost every kind of property and business is deprived of net profits. *We* have to endure it and do the best we can. *We* can't run to a federal judge and set aside our taxes on the plea of *confiscatory.* But according to the errant federal judges, *corporation property* enjoys *the Divine Right to* NET PROFITS—no matter whether other kinds of property and business are being run at a loss or not.

Whenever this foul and dangerous Heresy runs up against *an Executive who happens to unite courage, brains and honesty,* it is going to get *its vicious life mashed* OUT OF ITS HIDEOUS BODY.

THE GREATEST OF WOMEN.

Elbert Hubbard has written a little book in which he pays loving tribute to his wife as *"The Greatest of Women."*

To every husband whose wife has made his a happy home, that wife is, or should be, *"The Greatest of Women."*

And if he does not *tell her so,* while she is yet within the sound of his voice, he will some day weep scalding tears of unavailing regret. . .

God pity the man who makes the mistake of leaving it to his wife *"to take it for granted"* that he loves her as ardently as when he bent before her, a lover.

My boy, did you leave it to your sweetheart to "take things for granted," when you went a-courtin? Did you not repeat, and repeat, *"I love you,"* until Mary's eyes grew bright with joy?

Why should married life enfeeble the happy relations that went before the plighting of faith at the Altar?

Never leave off the gallantry of courtship days, my boy. In word, in look, in caressing touch, tell your wife—she who makes your home an Eden into which no serpent comes!—that in *your* eyes and heart and soul, she is *"the greatest of women."*

* * * * *

One of the most melancholy spectacles that the history of

literature presents is that of Thomas Carlyle,—old, lonely, desolate, torn by the black wolves of remorse. He had given his life to the writings of books, and had neglected the little wife sitting, childless, in the life-boat by his side. Those were great books which he wrote; but what book was *ever* worth the price he paid? Whenever I lay my hands upon one of Carlyle's volumes, the picture presents itself of a saddened wife, chilled and fretted by sheer lack of notice and consideration; and of an old white-haired widower, wandering into the dismal cemetery behind the church, to fling himself upon his wife's grave and soak the cold ground with his bitter, remorseful tears!

* * * * *

"The Greatest Woman in The World?"

Why, every happy home justly claims her. And—*listen to this, my boy!—your* home will be made happy, *if you will do your part.*

I know nothing about the women of the alleged "Smart Set," and the "Four Hundred," and the High Society females who come so near to leaving off the clothes they ought to wear when they appear in public,—but I claim to know something about just plain, common women; and my deliberate opinion is that *its the men that make the homes unhappy, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.*

* * * * *

Suppose your life were made to conform, in all respects, to what any decent, self-respecting girl had a right to expect when she married you,—would you ever have *trouble* to stalk in at the door and sit down at your fireside, a gloomy, unwelcome but unavoidable guest.

Did you ever hint to her, when you were courting her, that you held to *one code* of conduct for her, and *quite another* for yourself? one standard of *Right* for her and another for yourself?

Did you, yourself, once dream of *not* living up to *the promises you made to get her?*

No, you didn't.

You *meant* every word you said to her; but when the time came for practising self-denial for her sake, and self-control for her sake, *you didn't do it.* You saw other men indulging themselves in this, that, and the other; and *you went and did the same things.*

AND YOU PAID THE PENALITY, MY BOY, EVEN AS THEY DO.

No true, proud, self-respecting woman can put up with *every-*

thing. If you set a higher value upon a temporary indulgence of some weakness, or appetite, than upon the permanent happiness of your home, *go right ahead, my boy, and have your "Good time."*

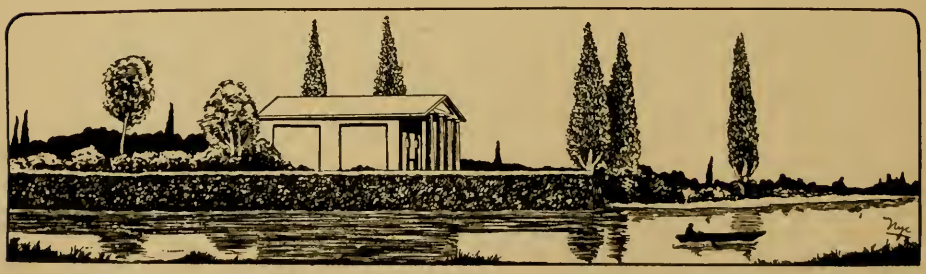
Your "good time" will not prove to be so *very* good, after all; and you will find *Trouble,* grim and constant, *seated at your fireside,* when you get back home.

No true, proud, self-respecting wife *can be happy,* when her husband degrades himself and *her.*

And how can she make you happy, unless she is happy, herself? Answer me *that,* my boy.

So, after all, it comes to this: if you would have a happy home *practise self-restraint, and keep up that Courtship* which you found so convenient in the winning of her heart and hand.

Then, when Elbert Hubbard, and President Roosevelt, and William Jennings Bryan, and William Randlph Hearst, get to bragging on their noble wives, calling each of them, truthfully, *"the greatest of women,"*—puff out *your* manly chest, with honest pride, and lay your arm around the neck of *your* wife, and say of the Sweetheart who has made your humbler home happy, *happy,* HAPPY,—*"Here, likewise, is the greatest of women!"*



A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

In Russia, the legislative assembly has been dissolved by the Czar,—or rather by the imperial Ministry which represents the dominant forces of the Russian aristocracy. The poor figure-head Czar has been made to lower himself in the eyes of the world by the breaking of his royal word. The pledge made by him to his people has been violated.

At the same time, there has been less denunciation of this breach of faith than could have been expected a year ago. The great body of the Russian people have not shown any intention to revolt, and the press of Europe and America has taken the Czar's *coup* rather tamely.

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.
(*McCauley in N. Y. World*).

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN!
From News (Baltimore).

A year ago, one would have supposed that a distinctly reactionary step taken by the Czar, embracing a violation of the Constitution to which his faith was plighted, would have been followed by universal and violent denunciation.

Nothing of the kind happened.

* * * * *

The fact that the course of the Czar provoked such a comparatively feeble protest would seem to indicate that the Duma had, to some extent, lost credit.

A year ago, a Cabinet Minister of Great Britain was publicly cheering the Duma. A year ago, Bryan's picture was being taken as he sat in the midst of the Democratic group of the Duma.

Yet the Duma *now* goes to pieces, without any reasonable expectation of so Democratic an assembly being called into existence again in Russia

during the next decade. Still, few Democrats appear to be mourning the extinction of the Duma.

Such a phenomenon is curious.

The secret would appear to be that the hopes which were built upon the democratic movement in Russia were seen to be much too high. Extremists secured sufficient strength to thwart the plans of constitutional Democrats, but not enough to put their own plans into effect. The representatives of the people being hopelessly divided, the aristocrats were able, by unity and courage, to win the day. And the reason why the failure of the Duma is not taken more to heart is that the extremists showed such strength and such ruthless purpose to overthrow all existing institutions that moderate men, throughout the world, scented universal danger to established order.

* * * * *

In France, the great practical statesman, Clemenceau, has had another crisis on his hand. As usual, those who precipitated the crisis and who expected to profit by it, came to grief.

To the population of Southern France, life is a question of vineyards, wine making and wine selling. Of late years, the rising torrents of bogus wine, made by astute Frenchmen who have apparently studied the methods of our American liquor dealers and meat packers, have been flooding the markets which legitimately belong to the men of the vine and the grape. The result, in Southern France, has been much the same that we Americans would experience should human cunning and ingenuity discover boundless supplies of a substitute for cotton or wheat.

The vine-growers of France blamed the Government for not vigorously crusading against bogus, or adulterated, wine. Tumultuous meetings were held by the suffering people, incendiary speeches were made, and for a short time the country was in a state of insurrection. For one tremendous moment it seemed probable that the troops would side with the people. In fact, one body of 600 did go over. But Clemenceau was tactful, as well as unflinchingly firm, and the danger soon passed. The Government hastened to enact such laws as were deemed most likely to meet the demand for the prohibition of the sale of adulterated, or bogus wines.

* * * * *

Portugal has been, for more than a century, regarded as a sort of British dependency. The little country has a little throne, and a little aristocracy, and a little army; and a

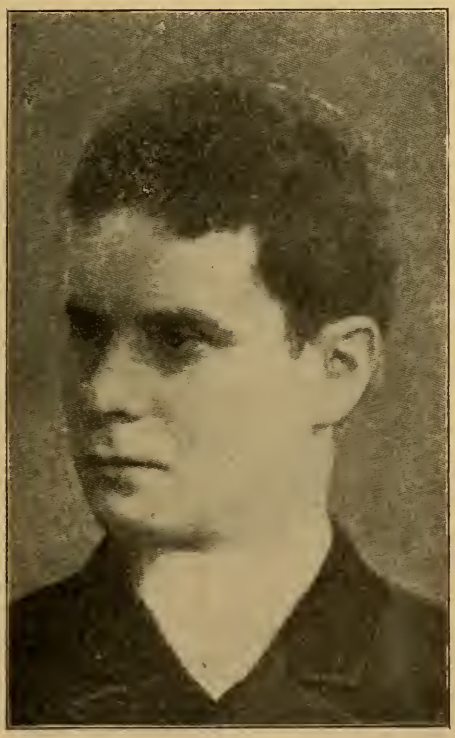
KING CARLOS.

little treasury with a big hole in it. The King is called Carlos; and the deficit amounts to $10,000,000. This little Kingdom by the sea has been enjoying a certain limited measure of parliamentary government, but even that has now been taken away. The King and his Prime Minister are rul-

ing Portugal without any Cortes. Those Portugese who did not like this, were inclined to riot and rebellion; but the troops have, up to this time, been able to suppress outbreaks. The situation, however, is regarded as critical.

* * * * *

Japan's march to recognition as a world-power continues without halt or interruption. France is the latest European country that has shown a readiness to enter into treaty relations with the Japs to maintain the present status in the Orient. The agreement between France and Japan recites that the two countries concur in the view that the independence and integrity of China must be respected, and they agree to support each other "to assure the peace and security" of those regions for the purpose of maintaining "the position held by each, and the territorial rights of the two contracting parties."



MAX HARDEN.
WHO OPENED EMPEROR WILLIAMS' EYES.

* * * * *

In Germany has just been given a memorable example of the power of the fearless thinker and his trenchant pen.

Max Harden, the editor of a weekly paper, attacked the corrupt Ring of army officers and nobles who had been controlling German policies to a very considerable extent, and broke it. Having the good sense to refuse to be drawn into a series of duels, in which the set purpose was to save the criminals by killing the prosecutor, the editor continued his exposures until the Crown Prince brought the matter to the attention of Emperor William.

The latter acted with prompt decision, smashing the Ring, and driving the leading culprits from the empire in disgrace.

As to the Prince Henry who had such a triumphal procession through the upper terraces of American aristocracy a few years ago, he was made to bite the dust in a truly startling manner. The Emperor tore off Prince Henry's imperial decorations with his own imperial hands, and wound up the performance by boxing Prince Henry's ears.

Our exchanges inform us that the sudden blow, straight from the shoulder, which the Kaiser dealt the immoral and corrupt Ring, has caused Emperor William to be called "the Theodore Roosevelt of Europe."

* * * * *

The determination of the exploiters of Special Privilege to get rich at the expense of the unprivileged public is breeding queer results in Germany. That country has a Protective System similar to ours, but in Germany *the great land-lords* have had the upper hand, and the Tariff

duties have been laid with a view to the enrichment of the owners of these large estates.

Dealing in false pretenses, just as our Protective-Tariff makers do, the German landlords built up a wall to protect their own products from outside competition. The landed aristocracy of Germany was particularly fearful of the competition of American food products,—pork and beef, for instance.

Consequently, they laid heavy duties upon imported meats, the declared purpose being to protect the German industrial classes from the pauper labor of America.

The American pauper who raises hogs and beef cattle for market has been shut out of the German Empire, or forced to compete upon such terms as necessarily compelled a rise in the price of beef, pork, etc.

The net result is that the Germans, to show their extreme fear of the pauper labor of America, and their patriotic loyalty to the Home market theory, are now *butchering and eating* worn-out horses and unprotected dogs.

* * * * *

According to the official report of our Consul at Annaburg, Saxony, there were 3,736 dogs killed for food purposes, in Saxony alone, during the year 1906.

If the Saxons are not indulging a more ravenous appetite for dog-meat than other States of the German Empire, the Kaiser's subjects are devouring, annually, about fifty thousand dogs.

An empire which boasts the best educational system in the world, and which legislates in favor of a Privileged Few to the extent of compelling the unprivileged to eat 50,000 dogs every year must be almost as crazy about "Protection" and "Home Market" as we Americans.

* * * * *

As to horses, they constitute a regular and increasing food supply, in the German Empire. Nearly two hundred of these noble animals are slaughtered annually and their flesh sold for food.

Dog-meat and horse-flesh being cheaper than hog meat and beef, the Germans are patriotically chewing away on Fido and Dobbin to save the German landlords from the awful perils of competition with the American hog, the American cow, and the American pauper.

* * * * *

San Domingo's financial tangle has undergone a careful investigation at the hands of Dr. Hollander, of the Johns Hopkins University.

The report of the expert will hardly carry comfort to those who cultivate an aggressive faith in the capacity of the negro for improvement *when left to himself.*

Turkish, Egyptian, and South American finances were models of good management in comparison with the orgies of abandoned recklessness and dishonesty which ran the negro republic head over heals in debt and called for the intervention of friendly

DR. JACOB H. HOLLANDER.

white men to save the blacks from the ruinous consequences of their own incapacity.

Our government is now in charge of San Domingan affairs, and is to continue to exercise virtual control. Practically, Uncle Sam has taken out Letters of Guardianship, and San Domingo is a national ward.

* * * * *

The Hague Peace Congress is considering the adoption of the Drago Doctrine, as a corollary to the Monroe Doctrine. The principle of the Drago Doctrine is that armies and navies are not to be used for the forcible collection of debt.

It is a discredit to Christendom that such a humane suggestion should have waited so long for general acceptation.

When the navies of European countries were "demonstrating" against Venezuela and trying to bully President Castro into the payment of claims which were largely inflated and fraudulent, every one who has the instinct of natural justice felt a keen sense of the outrage.

JUDGE FREMONT WOOD
WHO IS TRYING THE IDAHO CASES.

CLARENCE S. DARROW.

When Great Britain opened her floating batteries against Alexandria a few years ago, and battered that almost helpless city into a mass of bloody, burning ruins, all right-thinking Europeans were full of indignant shame.

On that occasion, the proud navy of England was simply acting *the brutal bailiff for the Rothschilds*, and other holders of inflated claims against the Khedive of Egypt. Such resort to brute force cannot be more justifiable in nations than when practised by individuals.

* * * * *

The Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case has proceeded, in due course, in Idaho, and the general opinion is that the trial has been well conducted on both sides.

The accused men are defended by the ablest array of counsel that money could secure. In Clarence Darrow, the defendants not only have a superb lawyer who outclasses anything on the other side, but also an advocate whose intense zeal and sympathy will carry into the case an element of strength which all the millions of Rockefeller could not buy.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD
IN HIS CELL AT BOISE.

The mention of Rockefeller reminds us to say that the old gentlemen has, at last, been forced to appear in court. After much ducking and dodging and hiding and lying, Brother John, as his beloved pastor calls him, was nabbed.

Unfortunately, the subpœna server was about fifteen years too late. If ever John D. Rockefeller knew anything about Standard Oil, he has forgotten it. A mighty poor memory, indeed, is left to Brother John. When closely examined by Judge Landis, it appeared that Brother John *did* recall in a dim way that he had once been engaged in the oil business. Upon having his recollection refreshed, Brother John seemed to be reasonably positive that he had made considerable money in that line of trade. But as to details, as to particular facts, as to any little circumstance which would tend to show that the Standard Oil had ever done wrong or violated a statute,—Brother John's memory was a distressing blank.

* * * * *

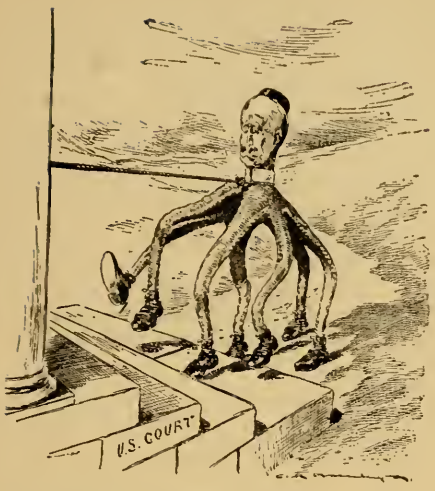
In other words, the richest man in the world, the man whose own fingers and brain-power knit together the most ruthless and successful lawbreaker the world has known, the man who has done most to show other rascals how to rob without getting behind the bars, went upon the stand as a witness, was sworn in the name of God to tell the truth, and perjured himself with the light-hearted callousness of Andrew Carnegie, J. P. Morgan and H. H. Rogers *swearing off their taxes.*

* * * * *

President Roosevelt has not been fortunate in his recent speeches. Rightly or wrongly, he is understood to have "taken water" on the Railroad question. As an evidence of this, one might refer to the sneer of former President Ingalls of the Big Four, that the President talks "both ways."

It often happens that a public man, in trying to correct the impression that he has gone too far, uses language which creates a suspicion that he is taking *the back track.*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



THE TAME OCTOPUS.
McCauley in N. Y. World.

While we do not for a moment believe that Mr. Roosevelt has changed his mind on the Railroad question, we regret that he has stated in substance, that the various transportation companies are not overcapitalized. Everybody knows that our President has been too busy a man to personally investigate the huge and complicated subject of railroad capitalization; therefore the statement of the President is rated as a mere "street opinion," based upon the conclusion of some one in whose judgment he has confidence. How can the off-hand opinion of the President weigh against the decision reached by eminent, disinterested publicists, who have devoted years to the study of that very question?

It is easy to name road after road, beginning with the Harriman group, including the Vanderbilt and Gould lines, embracing the Southern Railway system and the Louisville & Nashville, and coming on down to those roads which may be classed as local—without naming *one* which is not overcapitalized.

* * * * *

The Presidential outlook for 1908 continues to bewilder those interested. Will Mr. Roosevelt be forced to accept another term? Will he be the practically unanimous choice of all parties? Or will Mr. Taft lead the Republicans?—for no one attaches importance to the candidacy of Foraker and Knox. Hughes, of New York, would have a strong following, should his name be entered for the race; and LaFollette also could probably make a fine showing in the Convention.

As to the Democrats, it is conceded that Mr. Bryan can have the nomination if he wants it. And he will doubtless want it. Precedent and circumstantial evidence point that way.

* * * * *

The Mayor of San Francisco, Schmitz, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. He deserved more, but we are thankful for even that. It is *so* refreshing to see the big criminals on their way to the pen that we are not disposed to be captious about the length of the term.

Let us hope that Pat Calhoun, President of the United Railways, will likewise get a five-year sentence. This man's career in the State of Georgia, where he robbed the stockholders of the Central Railroad and wrecked the road itself, ought to have sent him to the penitentiary years

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

"We've been fined $69,728,489.37, John."
"Good! Put oil up two cents 'till the fine's paid."—
(*Barclay in Baltimore News.*

SLEEPING DOGS.
McCauley in N. Y. World.

ago. There is at large in these United States no man,—high or low, young or old, white or black,—who is more amply endowed with the essential elements of a criminal than this same Pat Calhoun.

* * * * *

The manner in which certain public men and certain newspapers are playing with fire in this *keeping up* of the talk of war between the United States and Japan is startling evidence of the fact many men are, after all, nothing but overgrown children. How any statesman, of the level-headed class, can think it necessary or wise to be making an exhibit of our naval strength, in the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of showing Japan "what we can do if it comes to war," is a mystery. The following telegraphic correspondence states the case as it appears to the JEFFERSONIAN:

New York, N. Y., July 10, 1907.
THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

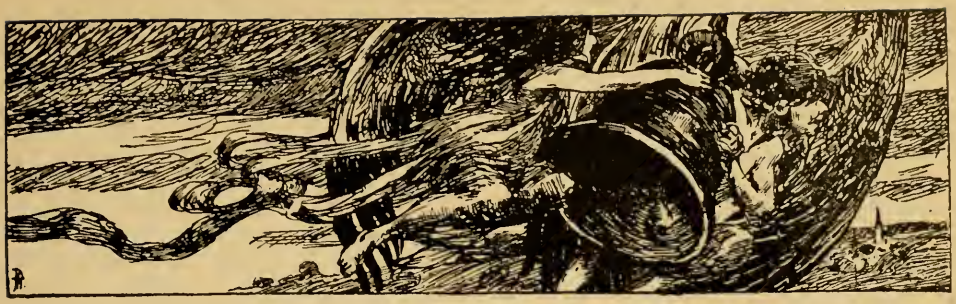
Will you please send me by wire charges collect few sentences expressing your opinion upon the effects of our contemplated naval maneuver? Are we in danger of war with Japan?

R. L. JONES, *Collier's Weekly.*

—

Suppose a case of two high-spirited men, both of whom are proud of the fact that they are known to be fighters; suppose that fool friends of both these high-spirited men begin to urge them to get ready to fight each other; suppose that at this stage of the game one of these men throws off his coat, doubles up his fist and shakes it in the face of the other,—would there be any danger of a fight? Ordinarily, a naval demonstration by Uncle Sam in the Pacific would have no significance, but, coming just at this time, it amounts to a defiance of Japan, if not to an indirect challenge.

THOS. E. WATSON.
Thomson, Ga.
July 10, 1907.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE SETTLER.

BY ERNEST CANCROFT.

I AM young and I wanted to see some history in the making. So I took myself through Canada. The geography of the Dominion changes more frequently than it is possible to issue special editions of the school-books for the latest threatened examinations. There is where I expected to find News being woven into History, and I found it.

You may read of the flight of Tamerlane and then bear in mind that a movement involving more people is on in Alberta Province; you may revel in those terse Scriptural chronicles of tribal movements, but do not overlook the fact that the flank of the Settler's Army bounds more people in the glorious valley and province of Saskatchewan, than comprised many a nation of old, and the pages of Prescott, Parkman and the quill of Hough, may make the blood quiver with reminders of those anticipated adventures of youth, but above Edmonton, just beyond the Last Frontier, in the vicinity of the Peace River, the horsemen, the ox-team, and the pioneer, are initiating history in the same sense that the French and Jesuit missionaries made it in an earlier day. But in that generation the soldiers followed to do the work that the missionary-explorers could not do; today the railroad promoter and the young college men with their tape-lines are dogging the footsteps of the pioneer-population, which pushes west and northward more rapidly than the mills of Carnegie can provide the rails for the on-coming Trans-continental Express.

It was to get on The Trail of the Settler that I wended my way over the Niagara border, seeking rates and tickets in the Toronto offices of the Canadian Pacific at midnight. "Colonist, Tourist, or Pullman?" the agent said in so many words. There were no doubts in my mind. Anything that a man saves in rates below Pullman he makes up in odor. Railroad and steamship experiences on three continents had taught me that the only way to travel is "First Cabin," and that the man who wants to make sociological investigations with his stomach intact, had better walk from the Pullman to the Colonist, or from the Saloon to the steerage, for that purpose. The Pullman fare over the continent was an invulnerable seventeen dollars, plus a ticket outflow of seventy-two dollars; but I had heard of the wonders and wealth of Winnipeg, that city which passed from a Fortress to a metrop-

olis in twenty-five years, and so I planked down eight dollars for the privilege of seeking needed rest in the upper berth of an overcrowded Pullman bound for the Chicago of the Canadian West.

That eight dollars to Winnipeg afforded me more cosmopolitan company than ever blessed the Strand. Our train transported a Congress of the Nations. There was the protected baggage-car ahead carrying westward the gold to pay the farmers for a part of the one hundred million bushels of wheat raised in the fertile fields of Alberta and Saskatchewan. There were three Colonist coaches, one containing Yorkshire lads bound for the Salvation Army lands of Alberta, another filled with hopeful Russian peasants expecting to find liberty and opportunity on the one hudred and seventy-five million acres of vacant land in Western Canada, and the third with a motly throng of Gallacians, Jews and Gentiles, Yankees from the abandoned farms of New England. This was the revelation of a sunrise trip through the Continental Express. Amidst the conversation of the throng there arose the early morning lamentations of a gentleman who exposed all the indiscretions of the previous year in his continued muttering: "Nipissing, Nipissing, Nipissing."

Two private cars containing the opaque capitalists of New York and Pittsburg, left us at North Bay for Cobalt, and we hurried forward to the lands where wheat is wealth, contented in the knowledge that while Oil Creek may have another City of Pithole and Cobalt may afford the disappointments of a Klondike, the men and the money that found the future on wheat lands need not fear Dame Fortune.

Port Arthur and Fort William are the pivots of empire in the flight across the continent. There at the head of the Great Lakes the wheat of an agricultural empire is gathered for shipment to the ports of Europe. Those immense elevators, that meeting of the trans-continental roads at the head of the greatest inland port of the world, combine to startle into thoughtfulness even the casual observer. The train leaves the boats and boatmen, the buckets of wheat and the ships of the Inland Seas, and the trip over the rugged fields of Ontario to Manitoba commences.

These are the sections that Canadians delight to deem the settled portions of the Dominion. These people share the land-hunger and wanderlust of the Anglo-Saxon. The promised land is always just beyond the next railroad station. Another night has taken the train into wonderful Winnipeg, that city of immigrant stations and wheat exchanges, land offices galore but with good land for sale, a veritable cosmopolis of those seeking to earn an honest, independent living amidst the Democracy and opportunities of an unappropriated clime. Commerce and romance marry here in Winnipeg. Go along Main street from the *Royal Alexandra;* there you will find the older but still active business men recalling the days of the Riel rebellion, when the present city of Winnipeg was only a fortress of the west; the men who can speak of the early skirmishes directed by Wolseley, how they followed him from youth to the days when he won the Cross in India and South Africa. Then there are the younger commercial leaders, who impressed by the development of their own city, point to the westward, which every year receives two hundred thousand settlers and sends in return, through Winnipeg as a funnel, one hundred million bushels of wheat. London may enjoy the cosmopolitan company of South African premiers, Yankee ambassadors and Hindu Pundits; Paris may be the delight and be delighted by the women of fashion, the

men of letters, and the ex-leaders in the world of insurance—but here in Winnipeg, one may find the cosmopolitan company of the ambitious proletariat from every country of the Old World, the men and women who know that they may obtain in the Last West what they did not, and could not, secure in effete Europe, a wholesome livin, and that out of their surplus they may afford their children what they themselves did not have in youth, an education. These men have no badge of distinction but the passing ephemeral sweat of their brows; but to mingle among them, to seek out the tragedy of their lives, to find that when free from the overcrowding of the great cities they are not a menace to the institutions of the continent, is quite as instructive and refreshing as to wander through the burial-cathedrals of Europe viewing the monumental reminders of those worthies who were the first settlers of the New World in the days of seizure and the sword.

But the Trail of the Settler has other revelations. I paid seven dollars for a Pullman berth on the Canadian Northern from Winnipeg to Edmonton. The twenty-five million acres of vacant, fertile lands in Manitoba did not cause the pioneers to linger there, and so we too press on. Out from Winnipeg three trans-continental roads are in pursuit of the settlers who had gone on before, on horseback, afoot, or in the conventional wagons of the Yankee settlers. The railroads have a selfish desire to bring the rich wheat of these settlers back to Port Arthur and Montreal, while some credit the officials with a philanthropic ambition to enable these increasingly prosperous farmers to revisit their old homes amidst the luxuries of a Pullman.

Two years ago the Canadian Northern was the dream of a number of gentlemen who thrive on franchises; to-day it is the line along which one hundred settlements, towns and cities are located. The Canadian Northern has reached Edmonton and it is bound for Prince Rupert, that city-to-be which is two hundred miles nearer by water route to the ports of Asia than any other point on the American Pacific. Thus I passed through the pantry of the British Empire, and I chanced to have the company of McLeod, that grim, silent man, who eighteen months before projected this line out on the plains of Manitoba, through the fertile fields of the Province and into the beautiful valley of the mighty Saskatchewan and into Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, that Last Town on the Frontier, nine hundred miles from Winnipeg and two thousand from the Atlantic. "Humboldt. Vegreville, Warman, Togo, Gladstone, Vermillion," were a few of the towns which greeted us in the course of a two-day journey. "That town is only five months old," McLeod would remark as we moved out of the station filled with agricultural implements and surrounded with elevators. "There is another ten month's old settlement," again he would remark as we passed into another scene of life and production. "Do you know those towns? Are they in your mind as geographical centers?" No, they are not, and this is what appeals to the traveller as he passes through the Dominion. How much more interesting is the *progress* of any work than the finished product! We visit the cities of the Old World, and wonder at the works of man in centuries past, but along the line of the Canadian Northern, the *trek* of population extends and continues. There they are making cities right under our eyes, and so rapidly that we can *see* them grow, without waiting around a generation and taking notes to mark the growth. They who would understand the mechanism of history should view the

development of settlements into cities, out in the Last West. Here one day is a homesteader commencing his three-year period of cultivation requisite to completing title to the desired one hundred and sixty acres; then he has a neighbor from Iowa, the plains of Russia, or the farms of the Fatherland. Others come, and still others join the settlement. Then they put through a main street of the city-to-be. Next day the railroad builds a depot, to be followed by a towering elevator the following summer. A school-house, a hotel, a land-office and a church, follow in rapid succession, and now history is in the making.

But here we are in Edmonton. During the past ten years, Edmonton has been busy getting onto the map of Canada, and right well it has succeeded. Over one hundred years ago, the Hudson Bay Company selected this site on the Saskatchewan River as a convenient trading-post, and thus this fur-trading settlement lingered for a century. The Canadian Pacific built a two hundred mile road up from Calgary, and founded Strathcona, thinking so lightly of Edmontonian prospects that to bridge the stream was thought unwarranted. But during the early hours of the Klondike rush, some adventuresome spirits learned that in Edmonton were trappers and half-breeds who knew the way through the Yukon country to the promised land of snow and gold. Thither they betook themselves, to be given much advice and relieved of considerable specie. Edmonton had been known in the fur-merchants' offices of London and Paris; but when the Klondike rush ceased the city had obtained a definite geographical status and site. Now it is the center of a thousand-mile circle of rich wheat lands. Along Jasper avenue, under the glare of the Pittsburg electric lights, men tell you of the coal bed under the city, the large timber areas which are tapped by the Saskatchewan, the furs that the Hudson Bay trappers will bring down in the spring for the ladies of Fifth avenue and Piccadilly. They speak in a tone of optimistic prophecy of the prospects of the Metropolis of the Last Frontier. History in the making, like humanity in action, is a series of startling paradoxes. There in the valley of the Saskatchewan, they are erecting the Alberta capital buildings adjacent to the old Hudson Bay post; and along that Jasper avenue, which was but a trail a few years ago, the rival fur companies have erected modern office buildings, while the Atlantic steamship companies feel justified in appealing to their prosperous patrons with office-window posters headed: "Spend your holiday in Europe; special rates for those who want to visit the old home."

A few hours and four cents a mile carry the tourists southward through thriving villages and into Calgary, that typical British city on American soil. Calgary was once the abiding place of "remittance men," and horse-traders; now it is famous for a brewery and an irrigation canal that is to water three million acres, an area as large as the state of Connecticut. Were it not for the Panama and Erie canal projects, the tourist would view in the Calgary irrigation ditch one of the engineering feats of the generation, but we Americans of course think about our own ditches.

But the traveller who experiences the warmth of the "Chinook wind" at Calgary longs for the breezes of the Pacific Ocean some seven hundred miles distant. The company controlling the Canadian Pullman demands another eight dollars for the privilege of riding to the Coast. Soon the train leaves Calgary and the great irrigation canal in the rear, and we near Banff, the Canadian Yellowstone where amid hills and dales the few

remaining buffaloes of the continent are preserved. "Puff, puff, puff," the train slowly moves over the Rockies, the Backbone of the Continent, now slipping between narrow chasms of towering rocks and now winding snake-like around the heights which once defied the engineering skill of the Old World and the New. Glaciers of summer-fame—Kamloops, Revelstoke, and Sicamous Junction—are the sign posts which mark the distances over the hills, and soon the train is passing into the region where the saloon of the Fraser and the logs of the Thompson river, engage the attention of man. The first train on the Canadian Pacific reached the present site of Vancouver in 1886; and during the intervening score of years, a city with seven thousand inhabitants, a harbor filled with the fleets of Asia, and a community typical of the best things in the Old World as well as the New has been developed.

Thus the Trail of the Settler takes one to the very door-way of Manchuria, and the circle of the Anglo-Saxon is completed. Were we to reserve the precedent set by so many tourists in every part of the world and return by the same route, we would find that between Calgary, Edmonton and Winnipeg, as the three pivots of the agricultural empire, new settlements were progressing city ward. This is the history we see in the making, when we pass through the Dominion.

The transforming of Hudson Bay posts into cities before one's very eyes; the development of rivers which only the Indian knew, into great channels of international commerce; the evolution of the trails of the trappers into the highways of a nation, are quite as inspiring, quite as replete with history and human action, surely as stimulating to the pulse and the imagination, as the armor of Cromwell in the Tower of London, or the ash-relics of Napoleon in his Parisian tomb. That is what is presented to the tourist in passing through Canada. Those things represent spirit, hope as wide as the circle on the prairies, ambition as large as the continent, faith, earnestness, all those elements which make for manhood and for history.

ANN BOYD.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Chapter XIX.

ONE evening, about four days later, Mrs. Waycroft hurried in to see Ann. The sharp-sighted woman, as she nodded indifferently to the visitor, and continued her work of raking live coals under a three-legged pot on the hearth, saw that Mrs. Waycroft was the fluttering bearer of news of some sort, but she made no show of being ready to listen to it. The widow, however, had come to be heard, she had come for the sheer enjoyment of recital.

"Ann," she panted, "let that oven alone and listen to me. I've got about the biggest piece of news that has come your way in many a long day."

"You say you have?" Ann's brass-handled poker rang as she gave a parting thrust at a burning chunk, and struck the leg of the pot.

"Yes, and I dropped on to it by the barest accident. About an hour after sunset to-day, I was in the graveyard, sitting over Jennie's grave, and planning how to place the new stone. I looked at the spot where I'd been sitting afterwards, and saw that it was well sheltered with thick vines. I was completely covered from the sight of anybody passing along the road. Well, as I was sitting there kind o' tired from my work and the walk, I heard a man's voice and a woman's. It was Langdon Chester and Virginia Hemingway. He seemed to be doing most of the talking, and since God made me, I never heard such tender love-making since I was born. I knew I had no business to listen, but I just couldn't help it. It took me back to the time I was a girl and used to imagine that some fine young man was coming to talk with me that way and offer me a happy home and all heart could desire. I never dreamed such tender words could fall from a man's tongue. I tried to see Virginia's face, but couldn't. He went on to say that his folks was to know nothing at present about him and her, but that everything would finally be satisfactorily arranged."

"Huh, I reckon so!" Ann ejaculated, off her usual guard, and then she lapsed into discreet silence again.

"But I got on to the biggest secret of all," Mrs. Waycroft continued. "It seems that Langdon has been talking in a roundabout way to his father about Jane's sad plight, and that Colonel Chester had agreed to send the money for the operation from Savannah."

"Huh! he's got no money to give away," slipped again from Ann's too facile lips, "and if he *did* have it, he wouldn't—"

"Well, that may be, or it may not," said Mrs. Waycroft; "but Langdon said he wasn't going to wait for the check. He said a man in Darley had been bantering him for a long time to buy his fine horse, Prince, and as he didn't care to keep the animal, he had sent him by one of the negroes on the place this morning."

"Oh, he did that!" Ann panted.

(Copyright, 1906, by Harper & Bros.)

She carefully leaned the poker against the jamb of the fireplace and sat staring, her rugged face working under stress of deep and far-reaching thought.

"So I heard him say as plainly as you and me are talking right now. He said the negro couldn't possibly make the transfer and get back with the money till about ten o'clock tonight. And that, to me, Ann—just between us two, was the oddest thing of all. For he was begging her to slip away from home at that hour and come to his house for the money, so she could surprise her ma with it the first thing in the morning."

"He was, was he? huh!" Ann rose and went to the door and looked out. There she stood stroking her set face with a steady hand. She was tingling with excitement and trying to hide it. Then she turned back and bent low to look at the coals under her pot. "Well, I reckon she was willing to grant a little favor like that under the circumstances."

"She had to be begged powerful," said the visitor. "I never in all my life heard such pleading. Part of the time he'd scold her and reproach her with not caring for him like he did for her. Then he'd accuse her of being suspicious of him, even when he was trying his level best to help her out of trouble. Finally, he got to talking about how folks died, slow-like, from cancers, and what her real duty was to her mother. It was then that she give in. I know she did, though I didn't hear what she said, for he laughed out sudden, and glad-like, and I heard him kiss her and begin over again, about how happy they were going to be and the like. I reckon, Ann, he really *does* mean to to marry her."

"I reckon so," Ann said. "I reckon so. Such things have been known to happen."

"Well, we'll wait and see what comes of it," said Mrs. Waycroft. "Anyway, Jane will get her cancer-money, and that's all she cares for. They say she's in agony day and night, driving Virginia distracted. I'm sorry for that pore little thing. I don't like her mammy, for treating you as she has so long and persistent, but I can't hold Virginia accountable."

Ann shrugged her broad shoulders. There was a twinkling light of dawning triumph in each of her non-committal eyes, and unwonted color in her cheeks, all of which escaped the widow's notice.

"Well, that wasn't the end," she said, tentatively.

"I couldn't hear any more, Ann. They walked on. I stood up and watched them as they went on through the bushes, arm in arm, towards her home. I'm sure he loves her. Anybody would know it that heard him talk; besides she is pretty —you know that, Ann. She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen anywhere. They looked fine, too, walking side by side. They say he is a spendthrift and got bad habits, but maybe his folks will be glad to have him settle down with such a sensible girl if she is poor. She'll keep him straight. I'd rather nothing is said about where Jane's money is coming from, Ann. That seems to be their secret, and I have no right to circulate it."

"I'll not talk it," Ann said. "It will be safe with me."

When the widow had left, Ann became a changed creature in outward appearance. She stood on the porch till her guest had disappeared in the dusk, and then she paced the floor of her sitting-room in a spasm of ecstasy, now and then shaken by a hearty laugh.

"I see through him," she chuckled. "He is trying to ease his dirty conscience by paying money down. It's a slick trick—on a par with a promise to marry. He's telling his filthy soul

that he's saving her mother's life. The girl's as blind as a bat—the average woman can only see one thing at a time; she's simply bent on getting that money, and thinks of nothing else. But, Jane Hemingway—old lady—I've got you where I want you at last. It won't be long before your forked tongue will be tied fast in a knot. You can't keep on after me publicly for what is in your own dirty flesh. And when you know the truth you'll know, too, that it all come about to save your worthless life. You'll get down on your knees then and beg the Lord to have mercy on you. Maybe you'll remember all you've done against me from your girl-days till now as you set with your legs dangling in the grave. Folks will shun your house, too, unless you rid it of contagion. But you *bet* I'll call. I'll send in *my* card. Me'n' you'll be on a level then, and we'll owe it to the self-same high and mighty source."

Ann suddenly felt a desire for the air, as if the very walls of her house checked the pleasureable out-pourings of her triumph, and she went outside and strode up and down in the yard, fairly aflame with joy. All at once she paused; she was confronting the sudden fear that she might be fired by a false hope. Virginia, it was true, had agreed to go to Chester's at the appointed hour, but might she not, in calmer moments, when removed from Langdon's persistent influence, think better of it and stay at home? Ah, yes, there was the chance that the girl might fail to keep the appointment, and then—

Cold from head to foot, Ann went back into the cottage and stood before the fire looking at the clock. It was fifteen minutes of ten, and ten was the hour. Why not make sure of the outcome? Why not, indeed? It was a good idea, and would save her days and days of suspense.

Going out, Ann trudged across the dewy meadow, her coarse skirt clutched in her hands till she stood in one of the brier-grown fence-corners near the main road. Here, quite hidden from the open view of any one passing, by the shade of a young mulberry-tree, whose boughs hung over her like the ribs of an umbrella, she stood and waited. She must have been there ten minutes or more, her tense gaze on the road leading to Jane Hemingway's cottage, when she was sure she heard soft footsteps coming towards her. Yes, it was some one, but could it be—? It was a woman's figure; she could see that already, and, yet, there could be no mistake now—it *was* Virginia. There was no one in the neighborhood quite so slight, light of foot, and erect. Ann suddenly crouched down till she could peer between the lower rails of the fence. She held her breath while the girl was passing, then she clasped her hands over her knees and chuckled. "It's *her!*" she whispered. "It's her, and she's headed for everlasting doom if ever a creature walked into a net of damnation."

When Virginia was thirty or forty yards away, Ann cautiously climbed over the fence, almost swearing in impatience as she pulled her skirts from the detaining clutch of thorns, briers, and splinters, and with her head down she followed.

"I'll make dead sure," she said, between pressed lips. "This is a matter I don't want to have a shadow of a doubt about."

Presently, the long, white pailings comprising the front fence at the Chester's appeared into view, and the dark, moving figure of the girl outlined against it could be seen more clearly.

Virginia moved onward till she had reached the gate. The smooth, steel latch clicked; there was a rip of darkness in the ribbon of white; the hinges creaked; the gate closed with a slam, as if it had slipped from

nerveless fingers, and the tall boxwood bordering the walk to the door of the old house swallowed Virginia from the sight of her grim pursuer.

"That will do me," Ann chuckled, as she turned back, warm with content in every vein. On her rapid walk to her house she allowed her fancy to play upon scores of situations in which the happening of that night would bring dire humiliation and shame to her enemy. Ann well knew what was coming; she had only to hold the album of her own life open and let the breeze of chance turn the pages to view what Jane Hemingway was to look upon later.

Chapter XX.

Ann had just closed her gate, and was turning towards her door, when she heard a sound on the porch, and a man stepped down into the yard. It was Luke King.

"Why, hello, Aunt Ann!" he cried out, cheerily. "Been driving hogs out of your field I'll bet. You need me here with my dog Pomp, who used to be such a dandy at that job."

"Oh, it's you, Luke!" Ann cried, trying to collect herself, after the start he had given her.

"Yes, I didn't mean to come at this hour of night, but as I was riding by just now, on my way home to see my mother, who is not exactly well, I noticed your door open, and not seeing you in sight, I hitched my horse up the road apiece and came back and watched at the gate. Then not hearing any sound, and knowing you never go to bed with your door open, I went in. Then you bet I *was* scared. Things do once in a while happen here in the mountains, and—"

"Oh, well, nothing was the matter with me," Ann smiled. "Besides, I can take care of myself."

"I know that, too," he said. "I'm glad to get this chance to talk to you. I understand that mother is not as ill as they thought she was, and I'll have to catch the first train back to Atlanta in the morning. I'm doing pretty well down there, Aunt Ann."

"I know it, Luke, and I'm glad," Ann said, her mind still on the things she had just witnessed.

"But you haven't yet forgiven me for giving my people that farm. I can see that by your manner."

"I thought it was foolish," she replied.

"But that's because you simply don't know all about it, Aunt Ann," he insisted. "I don't want to make you mad again; but really I would do that thing over again and again. It has helped me more than anything I ever did. You see, you've been thinking on one line all your life and, of late years, I have been on quite another. You are a great woman, Aunt Ann, but you still believe that the only way to fight is to hit back. You have been hitting back for years, and may keep on at it for a while, but you'll see the truth one of these days, and you'll actually love your neighbors—even your vilest enemies. You'll come to see—your big brain will simply *have* to grasp it—that your retaliation, being obedient to bad life-laws, is as blamable as the antagonism of your enemies. The time will come when your very suffering will be the medium through which you will view and pity their sordid narrowness. Then you'll appear to them in their long darkness as a blazing light; they will look up to you as a thing divine; they will fall blinded at your feet; they will see your soul as it has always been, pure white and dazzlingly bright, and look upon you as the very impersonation of—"

"Huh, don't be a fool!" Ann sank on the edge of the porch, her eyes fixed angrily on the ground. "You are ignorant of what you are talking about—as ignorant as a new-born baby. You are a silly dreamer, boy. Your life is an easy, flowery one, and

you can't look into a dark, rugged one like mine. If God is at the head of all things He put evil here as well as the good, and to-night I'm thankful for the evil. I'm tasting it, I tell you, and it's sweet, sweet, sweet!"

"Ah, I know," King sighed. "You are trying to make yourself believe you are glad Mrs. Hemingway is in such agony over her affliction."

"I didn't say anything about her affliction." Ann stared half fearfully into his honest face.

"But I know you well enough to see that's what you are driving at." King sat down beside her, and for a moment rested his hand on her shoulder. "But it's got to end. It shall not go on. I am talking to you, Aunt Ann, with the voice of the New Thought that is sweeping the face of the world to-day—only that mountain in the east and that one in the west have dammed its flow and kept it from this benighted valley. I did not intend yet to tell you the great overwhelming secret of my life, but I want to do it to-night. You love me as a son. I know that, and I love you as a mother. You are in a corner—in the tightest place you've ever been in in all your life. I'm going to ask you to do something for my sake that will tear your very soul out by the roots. You'll have to grant my wish or refuse—if you refuse, I shall be miserable for life."

"Luke, what's the matter with you?" Ann shook his hand from its resting-place on his shoulder, and with bated breath leaned towards him.

King was silent for a moment, his brows drawn together, his head lowered, his strong, manly hands clasped between his knees. A buggy passed along the road. In it sat Fred Masters and another man. Both were smoking and talking loudly.

"Well, listen, and don't break in, Aunt Ann," King said, in a calm, steady voice. "I'm going to tell you something you don't yet know. I'm going to tell you of my first and only great love."

"Oh, is *that* it?" Ann took a deep breath of relief. "You've been roped in down there already, eh? Well, I thought that would come, my boy, with the papers full of you and your work."

"Wait, I told you not to break in," he said. "I don't believe I'm a shallow man. To me the right kind of love is as eternal as the stars, and every bit as majestic. Mine, Aunt Ann, began years ago, here in the mountains, on the banks of these streams, in the shadow of these green hills. I loved her when she was a child. I went far off and met women of all sorts and ranks, and in their blank faces I always saw the soulful features of my child sweetheart. I came back here—*here*, do you understand, to find her the loveliest full-grown human flower that ever bloomed in God's spiritual sunshine."

"You mean—great God, you mean—? Look here, Luke King." Ann drew her body erect, her eyes were flashing fire. "Don't tell me it is Virginia Hemingway. Don't, don't—"

"That's who it is, and no one else this side of heaven!" he cried, in an impassioned voice. "That's who it is, and if I lose her—if I lose her my life will be a total failure. I would never rise above it, *never!*"

Their eyes met in a long, steady stare.

"You love that girl!" Ann gasped. "*that girl!*"

"With all my soul and body," he answered, fervidly. "Life, work, success, power, nothing under high heaven can knock it out of me. She has got to be mine, and you must never interfere, either. I love you as a son loves his mother, and you must not take her from me. You must do more—you must help me. I've never asked many things of you. I ask

only this one—give her to me, help me to win her. That's all. Now we understand each other. She's the whole world to me. She's young; she may be thoughtless; her final character is just forming; but she is destined to be the grandest, loveliest woman on the face of the earth. She is to be my wife, Aunt Ann—*my wife!*"

Ann's head sank till her massive brow touched her crossed arms; he could see that she was quivering from head to foot. There was a long pause, then the woman looked up, faint defiance struggling in her face.

"You *are* a fool," she said. "A great, big, whimpering fool of a man. She's the only one, eh? Jane Hemingway's daughter is an angel on earth, above all the rest. Huh! and just because of her pretty face and slim body and high head. Huh, oh, you *are* a fool—an idiot, if there ever was one!"

"Stop, talk sense, if you *will* talk," he said, sternly, his eyes flashing. "Don't begin to run her down. I won't stand it. I know what she is. I know she was made for me!"

"She's not a whit better than the average," Ann retorted, her fierce eyes fixed on his face. "She's as weak as any of the rest. Do you know—do you know—" Ann looked away from him. "Do you know Langdon Chester has his eye on her, that he is following her everywhere, meeting her unbeknownst to her old mammy?"

"Yes, I know that, too," King surprised her with the statement; "and between you and me, that as much as my mother's sickness made me lay down my work and come up here to-night. It is the crisis of my whole life. She is at the turning-point of hers, just as you were at yours when you were a young and happy girl. She might listen to him, and love him; it is as natural for her to believe in a well-acted lie, as it is for her to be good and pure. Listen and don't get mad—the grandest woman I ever knew once trusted in falseness, and suffered. Virginia might, too; she might enter the life-darkness that you were led into by sheer faith in mankind, and have a life of sorrow before her. But if it should happen, Aunt Ann, my career in the right way would end."

"You wouldn't let a—a thing like that—" Ann began, anxiously, "a thing like that ruin your whole life, when—"

"Wouldn't I? You don't know me. These two hands would be dyed to the bone with the slow death-blood of a certain human being, and I would go to the gallows with both a smile and a curse. That's why it's my crisis. I don't know how far it has gone. I only know that I want to save her from—yes, from what you've been through, and lay my life and energy at her feet."

"Jane Hemingway's *daughter!*" Ann Boyd groaned.

"Yes, Jane Hemingway's daughter. You hate her, I know, with the unreasonable hatred that comes from despising her mother, but you've got to help me, Aunt Ann. You put me where I am, in education and standing, and you must not see me pulled down."

"How could I help you, even—even—oh, you don't know, you don't know that at this very minute—"

"Oh, yes, he may be with her right now, for all I know," King broke in, passionately. "He may be pouring his lies into her confiding ear at this very minute, as you say, but Fate would not be cruel enough to let them harm her. You must see her, Aunt Ann. For my sake, you must see her. You will know what to say. One word from you would open her eyes, when from me it would be an offence. She would know that you knew; it would shock her to her very soul, but it would—if she's actually in danger

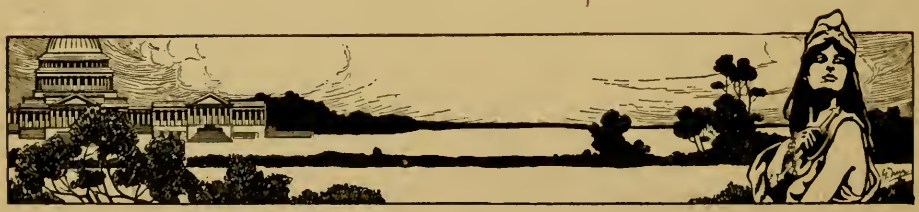
—save her; I know her well enough for that; it would save her."

"You are asking too much of me, Luke," Ann groaned, almost in piteous appeal. "I can't do it—I just *can't!*"

"Yes, you will," King said. "You have got a grand soul asleep under that crust of sordid hatred and enmity, and it will awake, now that I have laid bare my heart. You, knowing the grim penalty of a false step in a woman's life, will not sit idle and see one of the gentlest of your kind blindly take it. You can't, and you won't. You'll save her for me. You'll save me, too—save me from the fate of a murderer."

He stood up. "I'm going now," he finished. "I must hurry on home. I won't have time to see you in the morning before I leave, but you now know what I am living for. I am living only for Virginia Hemingway. Men and women are made for each other. We were made for each other. She may fancy she cares for that man, but she doesn't, Aunt Ann, any more than you now care for—but I won't say it. Good-bye. You are angry now, but you will get over it, and—and, you will stand by me, and by her."

(To be Continued.)



THE ULTIMATE PEACE.

BY S. H. LYLE, JR.

As pilgrims, weary, parched with thirst,
  Adrift on Persia's burning sands,
When life ebbs low sink down to die,
  And raise to God their withered hands;
With lips black swollen, burnt, and dry
  Rend the heavens with strange, weird cries,
And moan and sway till at coming day,
  Each turns his face to the morn and dies.

So I with weary, blundering step
  Yield now and sink beside the way,
While the stars rush out in the blue above,
  And hurrying night brushes by the day;
I raise my hands, with toil worn thin,
  And feebly call to One on high,
While a hallowing peace descends to my soul,
  And bright in hope I, too, can die.

WOMEN, MEN AND SEX.

BY REV. P. W. JONES.

The writer of this article is not a woman, and (unlike Teresias) has never been one; but will try to tell the truth upon that subject which Byron says is "The oldest thing on record and yet new."

I observe in the first place, not only that the average wife is much superior to the average husband; but also that the large majority of women, maids, wives, and widows, are immensely in advance of men, in mental outlook, in flexibility and versatility of mind. The average man (I can speak of him justly and freely for I am one of them myself) the average man, I say, is narrow in his outlook and circumscribed in his interests. Tap him on any subject outside the treadmill of his immediate business interests, and he is the most unpromising specimen in the museum of the universe. I wonder that so large a percentage of the ladies have patience to live with such a perennial annoyance as the average man. It must be their chronic thirst for the crown of martyrdom that enables them to put up with the pest.

The preachers are never tired of telling us that the ideal of womanhood was first shown in the New Testament; that the true nobility of woman was first pointed out by Christianity. I suppose we can believe such stuff, or not, as we want to. The preachers are obliged to talk so much in public that the world has found out how often, from sheer necessity, they utter nonsense,—how often their tongues keep wagging after their minds have sunk into blank somnolence. Any one who has read with a wide-open soul the 6th book of the Iliad and the 4th and 7th books of the Odyssey knows that the perfect ideal of womanhood was first revealed by an old blind tramp named Homer a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Andromache parting from Hector, Helen reconciled and glorified in her home, and Arete as the master-spirit in her husband's house and kingdom, these are ideals; Pagan, yes, but perfect—I say they are ideals so warm, so flawless, and so beautiful, that even in this twentieth century of ours it seems that "Panting time toils after them in vain."

Compare those Homeric ideals with twentieth century reals as disclosed in the divorce courts and breach of promise suits of the present day. Only a small percentage of families in the civilized world today have attained the Homeric ideal of marriage, an ideal which draws into itself the richest essence of tenderness, confidence, independence, and helpfulness.

Speaking of Homer, I am often surprised and astonished to find how frequently my own original ideas appear in his poetry. That is the way with those ancients,—they are continually plagiarizing the fresh, new ideas of us moderns. Now Homer has taken (*conveyed* is the technical legal name for it) the very germ and image of my thought about woman in general and the female intellect in particular. Two of his favorite divinities are Mercury and Minerva I need hardly remind the reader that Mercury was a gentleman and Minerva was a lady. Now it is evident (yes, clear as the fog of an Aris-

totelian syllogism) that Homer often makes Mercury (male) think and act with the voluptuous grace and curving symmetry of a woman; and also that his Minerva (female) often thinks and acts with the abundant force and the combative vigor of a man. That is to say, Homer knew that as men and women develop and dilate with the expansive force of progress the sexes approach nearer and nearer, each one catches traits from the other—he grows more like her, she more like him. In a word the whole question of sex, per se, drops out of sight, according to Homer, as soon as men and women rise to the levels of creative thought and original activity.

And this brings to mind a little incident that happened twenty years ago when I was young and tender, and had the privilege during one year of nosing up and down, sideways, backwards and forwards, in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. One day as I wandered through its glistening forest of statutes, standing there like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden "naked and not ashamed," a sculptor at work copying some old Greek torso was gracious enough to talk for half an hour with me, and try to let in to my hermetically-sealed mind an intelligent appreciation of Greek art. Among other things he said to me: "Look at that Mercury and at this Minerva, —it is impossible to tell which is meant for a male and which for a female."

I know now (after a ten years' study of Homer) what I did not know then—that it was from Homer that the Greek sculptors got their glimpse of a great truth,—this truth, that sex escapes from sight and vanishes out of existence in the white hot flame of original and creative activity.

But, to make my meaning here clear enough for a blind man to see

it, let me turn over the brown side of it in an illustration of my own.

When Col. Gobbler eats his leg of mutton with mint sauce do you suppose he cares whether a man or a woman cooked it? And when Mrs. Whatcher Caller wears her gorgeous silk dress faced with purple and fine linen, what difference does it make to her whether a man tailor or a woman seamstress cut it out and sewed it up? There is nothing distinctly masculine or feminine either in the mutton or the dress, if the one is good to eat and the other is beautiful to wear. The same principle applies in every sphere of human thought and activity,—literature, law, politics, art and science.

What Homer knew, and what the Greek sculptors learned from him was that in a human personality which has reached the creative stage of thought or of activity the masculine and the feminine elements are so closely interwoven, are so intimately blended, and so harmoniously exercised, that they can neither be separated nor distinguished the one from the other,—they are so joined together that they cannot be put asunder. Then it is that the question of sex drops out of sight,—yes, drops out of existence. "Now in the name of all the gods at once," what difference does it make whether the writer of Macbeth was male or female, whether the writer of Romola was he or she.

This is one, of many, lessons Homer is able to teach modern civilization. Whether modern civilization is fit to learn it or not, is quite another question; and I would not think of hurting anybody's feelings by giving the true answer to that question.

THE MORTGAGE.

BY JEANETTE HOLLY.

ELL, Governor, here I am; Morris telegraphed me that you were not up to the mark in health, and Colonel Bertram gave me indefinite leave to come and take care of you, for he said, we didn't find good Uncles like you evey day."

"Bertram is a good fellow, all through, and I am grateful to you both, my boy," said an old man, lying stretched out on a lounge in his library,—"I thought to pass in my check on Wednesday, I was so sick, but Horace I 'can't rest under the shade of the trees,' if I leave before that mortgage is lifted and there are clear titles to the old family estates made out for you and your kids."

"Now, Uncle, don't you bother your brain about my kids; 'tis true, I want that mortgage paid up, for I know that hanging over you has made life a burden to you, and it shall be done, or I shall bust a hame string trying—but let's talk of something more pleasant than mortgages. I met an old friend of yours since I was here last, a Captain Sigsbee—of his Majesty's Service; do you remember him, Uncle?"

"Remember him? I wish I might be able to forget him, such a scoundrel as he is, boy. He played me the nastiest trick one man can play another. Little Bessie Sigsbee, his cousin, and I were sweethearts from our childhood, and I was looking forward eagerly to the time when we would have our little white cottage, with green blinds, all to ourselves, when our Company was ordered to India. I had a presentiment that evil would come of that trip and thought of resigning or throwing up my Commission—but Bess said, "Oh! no, Jack Hallowell, I cannot hear to that, as bad as I hate to see you go." So I, unlucky dog that I was, went along with the rest of the boys and in some of the first fights with those Sepoys I was shot down and reported killed.

"I stayed in the hospital so long I almost forgot my name. Being injured in the head brought on brain fever, and for some time I was a raving maniac.

"I was reported unfit for service and just stayed on there, waiting for a new brain to grow, I was such a fool. When I came somewhat to myself, I shipped on the Hong-Kong, a vessel bound for the United States. We were shipwrecked off the coast of China and were again detained.

"When I got home, having been gone twenty months, every one thought me dead, your father among the rest—. But what was my surprise to find that Ralph Sigsbee had taken advantage of my misfortunes, and persuaded Bess to be his bride.

"They were then sailing on the broad main, Sigsbee being Captain of the Merchantman Henrietta.

"I never saw the little girl again and from that time dates my wild life; that broke my health, my fortune and my spirits. I never want to see that cur again."

Horace Underhill pulled himself together with a jerk, saying (soto voice)—"never do to tell him now of

my love for Sigsbee's daughter; think it would bring on a general collapse, but would like to get at the other side of the story—how I wish the old Captain would take the Bull by the Horns and come to see poor Uncle, for I feel sure there is something behind all this."

He was destined to hear that something, ere long. Captain Sigsbee being informed of the critical character of Mr. Hallowell's illness, came with his daughter Sadie and took up their abode in the neighborhood, hoping to have a chance to make up with his old time friend. The opportunity came when Mr. Hallowell having one of his bad spells, was compelled to have a trained nurse, and Sadie Sigsbee begged to be allowed to come and assist and gained the most wonderful influence over him; could induce him to do anything, when every one else failed, and he called for "Bess" if she was out of his sight for a minute. One evening when he seemed much better and more quiet than usual, he turned to Sadie and said, "Bessie, where do you live?" She answered "Father and I are staying at Pittsfield now." "What is your father's name?" was the next query. Sadie replied, very quietly, "My father's name is Captain Ralph Sigsbee."

"Well I want to see him right now." Sadie left the room immediately and finding Horace in the hall acquainted him of his Uncle's wishes.

Horace sent directly for the old sailor, who answered the summons in short order, and was forthwith ushered into the sick man's room.

When the conference was over the two old men seemed to have gone back twenty years of their lives, and were once again at peace, The sailor told his friend how Bessie had lost her father, and then hearing of his supposed death, she was almost frantic with grief—How that when time had somewhat abated her sorrow, he had induced her to accept him as a protector, for he had always loved his gentle cousin. She told him she had no heart to give him, for hers was buried with poor Jack—but said she, "if I can be of any comfort or pleasure to you, I will come to you."

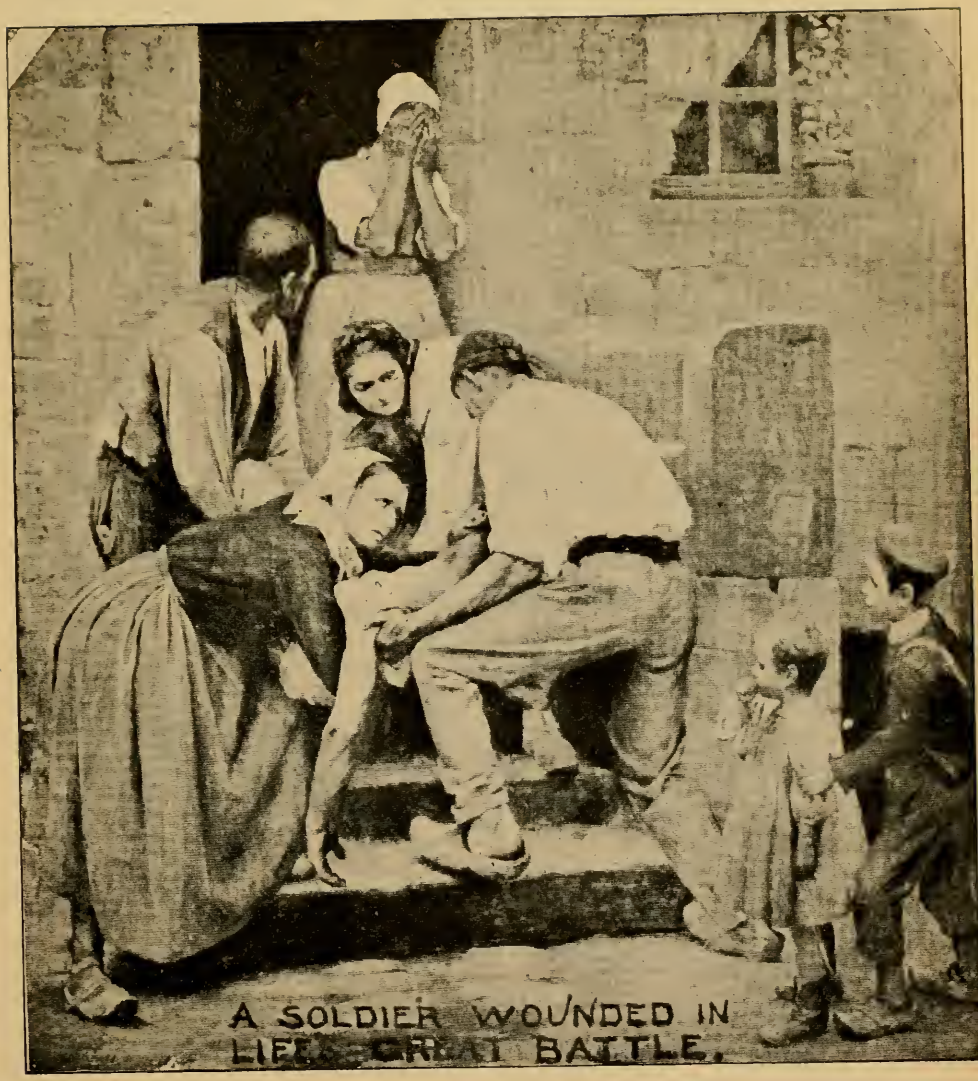
She had been his constant companion for two years, going on every voyage with him, and when her baby came, she passed away. When the recital was over the two old men clasped hands and tears were coursing down their rugged cheeks.

"Now, Jack, said the Captain, I have a confession to make. When I was in London I was inquiring from some real estate men about the lands for sale in this part of the world, and one of them told me there was a fine old estate that would be forced on the market soon, as the mortgage would be foreclosed. I inquired very particularly about it, and felt sure it was your property. I went around to the man who held the mortgage and was able to buy it in—And, Jack, here it is in my pocket, it is yours, old friend. "Oh! Ralph, first my wife and now my home!" and the old man broke down completely.

"Tut! Tut! man, you mustn't take it so to heart, I have a million in good hard cash, and we old fellows ought to help each other. Besides, I think Horace and Sadie (Bessie, as you call her) will be able to spare that much to us old cronies, from their abundance."

"Ralph, man, you are worth your weight in gold, thank God! He spared me long enough to do you justice. Call the young folks, I want to be the one to tell them the joyful news."

Peace and harmony reigned supreme in that old home, where the young folks lived in love and the old people in contentment, waiting to answer the summons, ready and willing "to pass over the river" when the call came.



THE WOUNDED PEASANT.

By A. Brouillet.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

Copyright, 1906, by Thos, E. Watson.

Chapter IX.

The casting vote of Governor Roane, which made Andrew Jackson Major-General of the Tennessee Militia, condemned him to defeat at the next election, but it was the making of Jackson. John Sevier was too much of a hero in the eyes of the voters of the State for them to sanction at the polls the slight which Governor Roane had put upon him in appointing over his head the young lawyer from North Carolina, who had never taken part in any military expedition. As already stated, Sevier became a candidate for Governor against Roane, in 1803, and was elected. After this, Roane remained in private life until 1811, when he received an appointment as Judge of one of the Superior Courts, thus dropping into a secondary position. Whether Andrew Jackson felt grateful to Governor Roane we cannot say. There is no evidence anywhere that he went further in Roane's behalf than to support him for re-election in 1803, when the popularity of John Sevier overcame the combined strength of Jackson and Roane.

It is quite clear that to this office of Major-General of the Tennessee Militia Jackson owes his subsequent success and importance. The two predominating traits in his character were fierce energy and almost abnormal combativeness. Had he re-

mained a private citizen, his strength would have been wasted in personal quarrels, race-track contests, with an occasional street fight or desperate duel. The passions born in such a man require an outlet. When the door of opportunity was opened to him to make the most of his strong qualities in their natural field, military activity, his triumph and his fame were assured. Before his genius for detail, his restless activity, and the impetuosity and fearlessness of his initiative, everything save the most extraordinary power of resistance, was bound to go down in defeat. He was to prove that in preparing for conflict he was as careful as Napoleon; that in dashing upon his enemies he had the resistless confidence of Alexander; and that in his ruthless following up of victory he has never been excelled by any of the great captains.

Without the Major-Generalship, it is difficult to see how Jackson would have maintained himself and secured the opportunities which enabled him to show the greatness that was in him. But for this appointment, he would not have been the military leader of Tennessee in the War of 1812. He would not have had the opportunity to become famous as the chieftain who broke the warlike and powerful Creeks, and who gave to Great Britain the bloodiest beating she ever got on the field of battle. Without this appointment, Jackson would have been compelled to go to the wars in some subordinate capacity and take his chances of being courtmartialed and shot for disobedience to his superior officers.

It was in October, 1812, that the Secretary of War wrote to the Governor of Tennessee, calling out fifteen hundred militia for the defense of the lower country. As a matter of fact, the force so called for was intended for the conquest of those Spanish possessions known as the Two Floridas. This purpose was well understood in Tennessee. For such an object every man in Tennessee capable of bearing arms was ready to serve.

Governor Blount having authorized Major-General Jackson to call out volunteers, the call was issued November 14. The volunteers collected at Nashville on December 10th, and on January 7, 1813, the infantry descended the river in boats, while the mounted men rode through the country to Natchez. That the real purpose of the expedition was thoroughly understood and approved by Jackson and his men is shown by the letter which the General wrote to the Secretary of War. Said he: "I am now at the head of 2,070 volunteers, the choicest of our citizens, who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the Government; who have no constitutional scruples, and if the Government orders, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American Eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola, and Fort St. Augustine."

It will be remembered that throughout the year 1812 United States troops still occupied Amelia Island and the St. Mary's River, although Congress had refused to authorize this occupation. The President, however, expected that at the next session

of Congress the plans which he and Mr. Jefferson had both favored would meet with Congressional approval, and that the Two Floridas would become territory of the United States. It was in anticipation of this action of Congress that the troops from Tennessee were moved to Natchez, which place they reached February 15th. There they went into camp to await orders from Washington, believing that they would be directed to advance against Mobile or Pensacola.

In the second volume of a book recently published under the title "Holston Methodism, from Its Origin to the Present Time," the author, Rev. Richard N. Price, of Tennessee, relates that when Andrew Jackson was organizing his division to descend the Mississippi, he offered the Chaplaincy to Learner Blackman, a Methodist preacher. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Blackman went with the boats down the river. The Chaplain was unremitting in his labors among the soldiers, going from boat to boat to preach and pray. The officers were not saints, and the soldiers were sinners; but they were compelled to respect the intense earnestness of their Chaplain. Mr. Blackman was honest and fearless in preaching the gospel to the soldiers, and when he found that one of the sick was likely to die, he did not hesitate to tell him, in moving terms, that death was near. It seems that Jackson heard this and disapproved of it. He thought that the spirits of the sick man should be kept up to the last moment, upon, I presume, the good old theory that "While there is life there is hope" Consequently, the General told the preacher to quit telling his men that they were going to die. The Chaplain was urged to keep that opinion to himself. But Jackson met his match in Blackman. The Chaplain told the General, politely, but firmly, that on a question of that sort he would do just as he thought best, acting independently of the wishes and instructions of the commanding General. Jackson had too much common sense to raise a row with a conscientious minister of the gospel on a question of such a delicate nature, and the intrepid preacher had his own way.

The Senate refused to authorize the seizure of East Florida, and therefore Mr. Madison's plans were thrown into confusion. There being no further use for General Jackson's troops, orders were sent to him, directing him to dismiss his force, "the causes of embodying and marching to New Orleans the corps under your command having ceased to exist."

Jackson himself could not know what were the conditions at Washington which caused this face-about of the administration, and he was naturally and intensely indignant at the curt manner in which he and his volunteers were turned adrift, so far from home, to make their way back as best they could. Feeling that he owed it to the patriots of Tennessee who had volunteered to serve under him to take them back in a body to Nashville before disbanding them, he made himself responsible for their pay and rations, collected whatever means of transportation the country afforded, gave his own drafts right and left for sums

which meant his bankruptcy, in case the Government should fail to recognize its obligations to meet them; and thus, by his splendid loyalty to his troops, laid that first firm foundation of general popularity in his State which was to steadily bear him up through all subsequent stages.

The War Department had not meant to be discourteous or unfair to the Tennessee troops, but the original order for the disbandment had been issued upon the assumption that Jackson was still in the neighborhood of Nashville. When the Washington authorities learned the true circumstances, the Secretary, Armstrong, wrote, March 22d, a very friendly letter to General Jackson, thanking him for the important services his troops would have rendered, "had the executive policy of occupying the Two Floridas been adopted by the National Legislature."

In this connection it should be stated that immediately upon receipt of the news that war had been declared against Great Britain, General Jackson had offered to the President, through Governor Blount, of Tennessee, June 25th, 1812, his own services and those of 2,500 volunteers of his division. While the Secretary of War assured Jackson that the President had received his tender of service with peculiar satisfaction and expressed himself as "*accepting*" their services, the summer and autumn passed away without any call having been made upon the Tennessee troops.

It was, no doubt, a lively scene at Natchez on the day when Jackson received the brief note from the Secretary of War, ordering him to dismiss his corps and to deliver to Major-General Wilkinson of the regular army "all the articles of public property which may have been put into its possession." Relating the circumstance long afterwards, Thomas H. Benton, who was one of the officers accompanying Jackson on this expedition, said: "I well remember the day when the order came. The first I knew of it was a message from the General to come to him at his tent; for, though as colonel of a regiment I had ceased to be aide, yet my place had not been filled and I was sent for as much as ever. He showed me the order and also his character in his instant determination not to obey it. He had sketched a severe answer to the Secretary of War, and gave it to me to copy and arrange the matter of it. It was very severe. I tried hard to get some parts softer, but impossible. He then called a council of field officers, as he called it, though there was but little of the council in it, the only object being to hear his determination and take measures for executing it. The officers were unanimous in their determination to support him."

General Jackson was in such a towering rage that he not only wrote what Mr. Benton termed "a very severe letter" to the Secretary of War, but he also wrote to the President and to the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, General Wilkinson, and also to Governor Blount, of Tennessee,—letters which Mr. Parton, the Biographer, says were "explanatory and indignant."

Gathering up what wagons he could for the transport of provisions, baggage, and the sick, the General put out through the woods to march about 500 miles, the distance between Natchez and home. It was on this return trip that he won the nickname of "Old Hickory." Giving up his three horses for the use of the sick who were able to ride, he trudged along on foot like any private of the ranks; not only preserving his own cheerfulness amid the trials of tramping over muddy roads and the discomforts of camping in the wilderness, but contributing by his constant attentions to keep up the spirits of all the others. His powers of endurance excited admiration, and it began to be remarked that the General was tough; then the use of a common backwoods simile began to be heard, and the men would say—"The General is as tough as hickory;" then again he was called "Hickory;" and lastly that term of endearment peculiar to our people was affixed, and he was called "Old Hickory," a name which stuck.

Before reaching the borders of Tennessee, General Jackson again offered the services of himself and his men to the Government, asking to be employed on the Canadian frontier. He offered to increase his force, if that were considered necessary. But the opportunity was not given him to show whether or not he could have done something in the North to remove the disgrace which had there fallen upon our arms.

It was on the 22d of May that the returning army of Tennesseans was drawn up on the public square in Nashville to hear the formal command to disperse to their homes. This act was elaborated into a ceremonial, in which a flag worked by the ladies of East Tennessee and bearing an appropriate inscription, was presented to the Volunteers, and accepted in a becoming reply by General Jackson. Always gallant, General Jackson expressed himself handsomely in these words: "While I admire the elegant workmanship of these colors, my veneration is excited for the patriotic disposition that prompted the ladies to bestow them on the volunteers of West Tennessee. Although the patriotic corps under my command have not had an opportunity of meeting an enemy, yet they have evinced their disposition to do so. This distinguished mark of respect will be long remembered, and this splendid present shall be kept as a memorial of the generosity and patriotism of the ladies of East Tennessee."

That General Jackson came off with flying colors from this abortive military expedition, is abundantly shown by all the circumstances which mark the final disbandment of the troops. The *Nashville Whig* probably did not exaggerate the literal facts when it said: "Long will their General live in the memory of the volunteers of West Tennessee, for his benevolent, humane and fatherly treatment of his soldiers; if gratitude and love can reward him, General Jackson has them. It affords us pleasure to say that we believe there is not a man belonging to the detachment but what loves him. His fellow citizens at home

are not less pleased with his conduct. We fondly hope his merited worth will not be overlooked by the Government."

As this episode marks the real beginning of Jackson's unquestioned and universal popularity in Tennessee, it may be worth noticing that it arose from his doing what he thought was right in spite of the positive orders of his superior officers. *He defied the Government, stood by his own troops, risked bankruptcy, and became a hero.*

The sequel is well related by Col. Benton, who says: "We all returned, were discharged, dispersed among our homes, and the fine chance on which we had so much counted was all gone. But now came a blow upon Jackson himself, the fruit of the moneyed responsibility which he had assumed. His transportation drafts were all protested—returned upon him for payment, which was impossible, and directions to bring suit. This was the month of May. I was going on to Washington on my own account, and cordially took charge of Jackson's case. Suits were delayed until the result of his application for relief could be heard." Col. Benton then tells how he applied to the members of Congress from Tennessee, without results, how he then applied to the Secretary of War, with no better success. "Weeks had passed away, and the time for delay was expiring at Nashville. Ruin seemed to be hovering over the head of Jackson, and I felt the necessity of some decisive movement. I decided to make an appeal from the justice of the administration to its fears. I drew up a memoir addressed to the Secretary of War, representing to him that these volunteers were drawn from the bosoms of almost every substantial family in Tennessee—that the whole State stood by Jackson in bringing them home—and that *the State would be lost to the administration* if he was left to suffer. It was upon this last argument that I relied—all those founded in justice having failed." Col. Benton then relates how the Secretary took the paper home with him for Sabbath cogitations, and how on Monday morning he came back to his office disposed to do whatever was in his power. The Secretary, however, did not see what authority he had in the premises. Col. Benton readily suggested that he had nothing to do except to write an order to Gen. Wilkinson, Quartermaster-General of the Southern Department, to pay for so much transportation as General Jackson's command would have been entitled to, if it had returned under regular orders. The Secretary at once adopted the suggestion and the order was immediately sent. Jackson was relieved from threatened ruin, and Tennessee, in the words of Col. Benton, "remained firm to the administration." In other words, by playing upon the political fears of a cabinet officer, Col. Benton succeeded, in a round-about way, in doing that which should have been done without political threats.

As Col. Benton left Washington upon his return trip to Nashville he must have felt pleasurable emotions as he pictured to himself the grateful greeting with which General Andrew Jackson would welcome him home. He had just rendered to his

chief a most important service. He had saved Jackson's credit and fortune. He had every right to expect the profoundest gratitude from the man whom he had so signally served. Instead of this, the first news from Tennessee that reached Col. Tom Benton on his homeward journey from Washington was that his brother, Jesse Benton, had been engaged in a duel with Wm. Carroll, and that General Jackson had acted as the friend and second of his brother's antagonist. Thus the strange spectacle was presented of one of the Benton brothers striving heroically to save Jackson from ruin in Washington, while the other was risking his life in a combat with pistols, with Jackson on the other side. No wonder Col. Benton was furiously angry. The nearer he came to Nashville the more he heard about the duel,—in which his brother had received a wound,—and these stories, like all such stories, were more or less exaggerated. The situation seemed to Col. Tom Benton so unnatural, so outrageous, so ungrateful, so tantalizing, and intolerable, that he, being a man of fierce temper and fearless disposition himself, began to denounce Jackson's conduct in unmeasured language. Alert friends of both parties, of course, carried reports to Jackson of this fiery Benton talk, and of course, in a very short while Jackson's tone was equally warlike. Finally, the stories concerning Benton's language were so provoking to Jackson, that, throwing to the winds all thought of gratitude and of forbearance, the irate General swore that he would horsewhip Tom Benton on sight. Col. Benton had hardly reached Nashville before General Jackson and his faithful John Coffee were on hand ready for the fray. The Benton brothers reached the city in the morning, and put up at a different hotel from that which had heretofore been frequented by themselves and Jackson. They thus showed a disposition to avoid a chance meeting with Jackson, of whose threats they had heard. That afternoon General Jackson and his faithful John Coffee rode into Nashville, took up their quarters at their accustomed hotel, the Nashville Inn, and not finding the Bentons at this place, where they were evidently expected, Jackson and Coffee deliberately sought out the Bentons at their hotel, where General Jackson, seeing Col. Benton standing in the door, suddenly turned toward him with his whip in his right hand, and rapidly approaching him said: "Now, you d—'d rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself."

"What occurred after this is so hopelessly confused and contradictory that no man can safely say what happened. The faithful John Coffee put forth, as was his custom in such Jacksonian emergencies, a statement which relieved his chief as far as stubborn facts would allow; but the substantial truth of the matter would seem to be that as General Jackson advanced upon Col. Benton, the latter attempted to draw his pistol, but met with difficulty in doing so, the weapon apparently getting obstructed by his clothing. While Jackson was advancing and Col. Thos. Benton receding and still attempt-

ing to draw his pistol, Jesse Benton entered the hall passage behind the belligerents, and seeing his brother's danger, drew his pistol and fired at Jackson, inflicting a terrible wound, which splintered the bone of his arm and tore open his shoulder. Jackson fell across the entry bleeding profusely. Col. Thos. Benton always contended that General Jackson fired at him and missed, and that he fired at the General and missed; also that Col. Coffee fired at him and missed. He claimed that one of the pistols fired at him was so close that the blaze burned the sleeve of his coat. He also claimed that daggers were used in the affray by Col. Coffee and Mr. Alexander Donaldson, who gave him five slight wounds with these knives. After Col. Coffee had fired at Col. Thos. Benton and missed, he clubbed his pistol—the large, single-barreled, heavy affair of those days—and was about to strike Benton, who continued to step backward, when getting to the head of the stairs, without being aware of them, he fell headlong to the bottom. Col. Coffee then gave his attention to General Jackson.

The report of Jesse Benton's pistol attracted to the scene, Stokely Hayes, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, the same young man who had joined the Aaron Burr expedition. When he came into the hotel and found General Jackson lying on the floor, weltering in his blood, he drew the sword cane of his walking stick and made such a frantic lunge at Jesse Benton that the weapon, being slender and having struck a button on Jesse's coat, snapped in pieces. This young man, who is reported as having been of gigantic size and strength, then drew a dirk and threw himself upon Jesse Benton, got him down and held him with one hand, while he raised the knife to plunge into his breast. Jesse Benton held on to the coat cuff of Hayes with such desperate determination that, while he could not stop the descending arm, he diverted the direction of the blow and thus received only a flesh wound. By this time other bystanders had rushed in, and the brutal affair was stopped. Jackson, almost fainting from loss of blood and still bleeding fearfully, was borne to a room in the Nashville Inn, where it is said that two mattresses were soaked before the flow of blood could be checked. The doctors wanted to amputate the arm, but the indomitable Jackson refused to allow it, saying—"I will keep my arm." No attempt was made to extract the bullet, and it remained there for twenty years.

After Jackson had been carried away to his bed, the Bentons kept possession of the field and indulged in some backwoods bravado. Col. Benton went out into the public square, bellowed words of defiance and contempt in the loudest tones of his thundering voice, broke Jackson's sword across his knee, flung the fragments on the ground and thus gratified his own vanity with impunity.—for General Jackson's friends were too anxiously concerned about his life at that moment to renew the fight. In the following days, however, Col. Benton could have had quite as much warfare as he wanted, for he himself wrote—

"I am literally in hell here, the meanest wretches under heaven to contend with—liars, affidavit makers, and shameless cowards. The scalping knife of Tecumseh is mercy compared with the affidavits of these villains. I am in the middle of hell, and see no alternative but to kill or be killed; for I will not crouch to Jackson, and the fact that I and my brothers defeated him and his tribe, and broke his small-sword in the public square will forever rankle in his bosom and make him thirst for vengeance. My life is in danger."

Shortly after this, Col. Benton went to his home in Franklin, Tenn. Being appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, he left the state to serve for the remainder of the war elsewhere. At the close of the war he resigned his commission, emigrated to Missouri, and did not again meet General Jackson until 1823, when they were both members of the United States Senate. They became reconciled, Jackson, it is said, making the first advances.

As to Jesse Benton, he could never forgive Jackson, nor forgive his brother for becoming reconciled to Jackson.

To the day of his death, Jesse Benton never failed to denounce Jackson in the bitterest terms whenever he heard Jackson's name mentioned. Col. Tom Benton made many efforts to re-establish fraternal relations with his brother, explaining to Jesse that he was compelled to support Jackson in order to secure necessary aid in carrying out certain policies of the Government which he regarded as vital to the welfare of the people. Col. Tom Benton's well known vanity has often been illustrated by the quoting of his remark that *"Jackson was of great service to me in my fight against the Bank."* Jesse Benton, however, refused to be mollified, although Thomas H. named his only daughter after his brother. This daughter, Jessie Benton, as is well known, became the wife of "The Great Explorer," John C. Fremont.

So implacable was Jesse Benton that upon one occasion when he was the guest of Col. John Williams he happened to see, through the window, his brother Tom Benton riding up to the gate, some thirty or forty yards away. Col. Williams, anxious to avoid an unpleasant scene and to be instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between the two brothers, went to Jesse's room and, laying his hand on the shoulder of his guest, said in a persuasive voice, "Jesse, your brother Tom has just arrived, let me be the happy medium of reconciling you two brothers who have been too long estranged." But Jesse was unyielding. "No," he cried, "so help me God, Col. Williams! I will never take the hand of my brother Tom because he has supported Andrew Jackson." The pleadings of Col. Williams were of no avail and Jesse Benton, ordering his horse, rode away swearing that the same roof could not shelter him and Tom Benton or any other friends of Andrew Jackson. As Jesse left the house, he passed Col. Tom Benton but did not speak to him.

It may interest the reader to state that Jesse Benton continued to live within a few miles of Nashville and, although a

bitter, outspoken enemy of Andrew Jackson, continued to be elected to the Tennessee Legislature. He died three or four years before the late Civil War began.

Touching this affray with the Bentons, it is hardly necessary to emphasize the folly and rashness of the preposterous undertaking of Gen. Jackson to "horse-whip" Col. Benton. Jackson had a fight with Jesse Benton at the Old Bell Tavern in Memphis, and got the best of it; but the threat to publicly cow-hide Tom Benton was mere madness, for Jackson must have known that Col. Benton was every bit as game a man as Gen. Jackson. The results were so disastrous to the rash assailants that neither Coffee nor Jackson ever manifested the slightest inclination to renew hostilities. Jesse continued to say and publish whatever he pleased about Jackson; and Col. Tom made peace only when Jackson sought it. Those biographers who hint that Thomas H. Benton left Tennessee because he was afraid of Andrew Jackson, show their lack of insight into character. Benton was as cool a man as ever faced danger; and Jackson was not the man to make a mistake of the same sort twice. He knew that in attempting to horse-whip Col. Benton (as he had caned poor Swann) he had done a foolish thing; and for many years his friends knew better than to talk to him upon that unpleasant subject. He had attempted an outrage upon a loyal friend who had just rendered him signal servise, had got badly worsted in the attempt, and the only thing to do was to let the matter drop. Years afterwards, when the reconciliation with Col. Benton had removed the sting of the old quarrel, one of Jackson's intimates reminded him of his apparent inconsistency in making friends with a man who had fought him.

The brave old fellow laughed good-humoredly, and as the lawyers say "distinguished the case." When our Supreme Court Judges want to decide a case differently from the way in which they decided a former one that seemed exactly similar, *they draw a distinction* between the one case and the other. Sometimes these distinctions are so fine that only the judicial eye can see them. Gen. Andrew Jackson, in like spirit, drew a distinction between the Benton case and other apparently similar cases. He said referring to the bullets shot into him on that occasion, "But *that* was honest lead!" which probably means that Jackson felt he had done wrong in attacking Benton. If Andrew Jackson ever came nearer than this to making the admission that he had been wrong, *in anything*, this biographer is not aware of it.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 28, 1907.

Dear Mr. Watson:

Your letter of the 26th received. I have never read the account Buell gives of the fight between the Bentons and Jackson. I resided in Washington during nearly the whole period of Buell's career as a newspaper writer, and his reputation for unreliability was such that when I saw that he had written a "Life of Jackson" I had no curiosity to read it. It would have been characteristic of Buell to write anything of the Benton, or any other, episode in Jackson's career that would be new, or startling, or different to that given by other writers and which would attract attention to him or his book.

I have often talked with the late Judge Jos. C. Guild (author of "Old Times in Tennessee") and other enthusiastic admirers of Jackson, as well as the leading men who were not his admirers, of the fight referred to, and the universal voice was that Jesse Benton shot Jackson. This is the tradition in Tennessee about this fight, and the reason given why Stokely Hayes, Mrs. J.'s nephew, turned to Jesse, and tried to kill him, rather than Tom.

Yesterday I dined fifteen miles in the country with a mentally well-preserved man of 90 who had often seen Jackson. He was at Nashville when Jackson, much bent and enfeebled, made his last appearance in public, the occasion being with Van Buren when that wily politician made his Southern electioneering tour in the hope of capturing the 1844 nomination. My informant described the enthusiasm of the crowd as great, and the crowd as immense, and said in mingling with the people he often heard persons say to acquaintances when they met them, "so you have come all the way to Nashville to see Mr. Van Buren;" to which the invariable reply was, "We care nothing for Van Buren, I came to see Jackson," or "Damn Mr. Van Buren, I would not give a cent to see him, I want to see Old Hickory."

This reminded me that Mrs. Mary B. Wilcox, daughter of Andrew J. Donelson, told me that "father," as she called Jackson, was very fond of appearing in parades, and that he loved to dress well. She emphasized his love of fine apparel, whether in military uniform or civilian dress, and that never, except when physically too feeble to ride horseback, would he ride in a carriage.

In reply to a question I asked as to whether she could tell me any anecdotes about Jackson, she said, "only one." On a trip in his carriage to Washington with Mrs. J., he stayed over night at the residence of ———— at Kingsport. He was a Jackson man, an emigrant from Ireland, and a Presbyterian. He had a quick-witted, well-educated daughter, Eliza, who told ———— that at the breakfast table she expressed to Mrs. J. the hope that she felt well, and had had a refreshing sleep after the long drive of the day before over a bad road.

Aunt Rachel replied, "she had caught cold because the Ginral had kicked the kiver off." Probably, from this originated the story, as published by Jackson's enemies, that the good old Aunt Rachel said she "Kotched cold because the Ginral kicked the kiver off." As told by Miss ———— the word caught was employed, and not kotched.

Until I got the story in authentic form, I had supposed the whole to be fiction, or "Whig lie." I do not suppose the little incident worth publishing. (Oh, yes it is, Colonel.—T. E. W.)

I remember to have seen about 30 years ago, in the "Cincinnati Daily Commercial," the statement (editorially) that the only autograph letter of General Jackson's wife known to be in existence was in the archives of the Historical Society of Ohio at Columbus.

It would be interesting if you could have a photo-lithograph copy of that letter in your Life of Jackson. Yours truly,

JNO. B. BROWNLOW.

A BRIDE TO PHARAOH.

BY FRANK E. ANDERSON.

"VERY well told, Jim," said the Colonel, flecking off the ash so that his cigar glowed like a star. "Upon my word, I could almost believe you. It reminds me—"

The Colonel as a narrator of new Arabian Nights! All were silent and expectant; but he appeared to be in no hurry—for he dipped his gray moustache into a beaker of Rhine wine and then gazed reflectively at the fire with a look singularly out of place in one ordinarily the most alert of men. At last, "Poor girl," he sighed. "I don't know whether I ought to tell it or not."

An insistent chorus went up from all, except Jim. But who in polite society could take a Jim seriously? If it had been a Reginald now or an Algernon, but Jim, plain Jim.

"I was on the Nile that year," resumed the Colonel. "It was in the morning that day, but already the weather was gladiatorial, for it was at blood heat while, to make things worse, like a brutal crucifier, the sun was nailing with his spikes of gold the breathless atmosphere upon the scorching sands. The dusky river crept along, nursing its water-flowers, as some of us cradle in life's black current a bright recollection or two or a dim hope or two of that ten minutes of heaven which we buy with a thousan years of hell. Among the rocks rose three date-palms; a spring sang at their roots; and a small patch of grass enlivened everything with its tender green. But, in the midst of this scene, stood an ancient tomb. The spot was remote from the roads, and, as we had nothing particular in view, I proposed a little excavating. The Major agreed. We fastened our camels, so that they could tangle their cords and kick each other, while eating the herbage, and scooped away the sand, which had filled the narrow entrance. As we passed through it, Alma followed. To my suggestion that she stay outside and see that the "ships of the desert" did not slip their hawsers, she made a flippant reply, something about preferring any company to that of the dumb beasts; but, when we had arrived at the mouth of the mortuary chamber, for once her mad flow of spirits had left her. The gloom, the close air and the faint perfume of spices had sobered her into harmony with that ghostly expectation, which had possessed us men: pleasant to read about, but devilishly uncomfortable to experience. Our eyes adjusted themselves to the twilight and then . . ." We who were listening gathered more closely around the Colonel . . . "Yes, we saw in the center of the room a carved couch, over which a silk coverlet was spread, upon which a human figure was stretched. A sunbeam, coming through some cleft in the rock, felt about the silent form, as though hunting for life in the motionless man's bosom. Beneath its waverings his countenance seemed to quiver. Alma gave a faint cry and clung to my arm. The Major swore. For myself, I confess . . . but let that pass. I pressed my palm on the mummy's brow. Of course nothing

happened. Had he not been dead six thousand years? Yet some how I felt relieved that he had not stirred. 'What a ninny I was,' exclaimed Alma, laughing nervously, "not to remember that women have nothing to fear except from living men—' and she laid her fingers on his wrist. I still had my hand on his head. Gentlemen," and the Colonel gazed so solemnly upon us that we hitched our chairs into a smaller circle round him, and Jack Munson jumped up and looked over his shoulder, then sat down, ashamed but relieved. . . . "I felt an awful indescribable tremor thrill through that inanimate mass. Little flames sparkled from the jewels round its neck. Its linen garments shivered. Its limbs moved. Then the bands about the face fell away and two melancholy eyes, large, dark and wistful, fixed themselves upon us. Alma sank upon her knees. The Major was hiding his features against the floor. Frozen with horror, I gazed upon the girl and the Egyptian. He came to a sitting position; he stretched his legs across the edge of the couch; he put his feet on the pavement; he bent forward; he rose. Stooping, he lifted Alma's chin, looked into her eyes, spoke briefly words of musical yet strange speech, and kissed her once only upon the forehead. The next moment I saw the vanishing glimmer of his sword and heard his receding step—a distant hinge grated—a door opened with a suden gush of sunshine—it closed, with the dull sound of a trap upon a vault—and we were alone. We lifted Alma and bore her into the air; but, when we laid her beneath the palms, she was dead."

There was a long gasp, then a quick rustling sound, as we pushed back our chairs and rang up the waiters. Jim alone retained his composure. Handing the Colonel the sapphire medal of the Ananias Club, "Take it," he said. "Besides you, I am a George Washington. Take it and have it made into a breast pin for Alma."

THE CONVALESCENT.

BY ITALY HEMPERLY.

I scarcely know if now I wish
To slowly turn and struggle back,
Thro' weary days, to life's dim track.

For I have known its bitter sweet—
Its tender love, its falling tears;
And hidden wounds thro' all the years.

So near Death's gate my soul has been,
I clearly saw beyond the mist
The waiting hands my lips have kissed.

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR.

STEPHENS, TOOMBS, BEN HILL, THE KU KLUX KLAN, THE COLQUITT CAMPAIGN OF 1880, ETC.

(The following Chapter giving some account of the conditions following the Civil War was written to form the conclusion of Mr. Watson's book "Bethany." For reasons not worth mention, it was omitted. It is now published for the first time, just as the author originally wrote it.)

The cruel War was over. Southern soldiers, putting trust in fair promises, laid down their arms. Had we been fighting any other antagonist than the Union, we would never have given up so soon. We were not exhausted. We had soldiers enough in the field to have kept up the strife indefinitely.

With such a vast territory as ours, abounding in positions of such enormous natural strength, a guerilla-band warfare could have been waged forever. But our people were divided in opinion as to the necessity for the war; a large percentage of the population felt the strife to be unnatural: they yearned for their old place in the house of our fathers; they believed that brotherly love would come again when the family fight was ended.

This was the feeling and the sentiment which had more to do with conquering the South than all the armies marshalled against her. Had we felt towards Grant's soldiers and the Northern people as we had felt toward Cornwallis and Great Britain, we would have continued to struggle in the sixties, as we did in the Revolutionary war—till the land was a desert and its last man in the saddle. But we wanted to be at peace again with our brethern; old associations appealed to us; the old flag, which our fathers had helped to make glorious, was dear to us; we wanted to go back home—to our old place in the Union.

This, *this* was the sentiment which, more than all others, made the South grow weary of the war.

Nobody doubted that a sincere, fraternal reconciliation would follow Appomattox. The flag was furled and the musket stacked in that belief. Grant had been magnanimous to Lee's veterans; and when the soldiers of the two armies lowered their guns they had clasped hands. The individual "Yank" did not hate the individual "Johnnie." They had proved each others pluck; they knew each other to be brave and kind; they were ready to be the best of friends.

Shame forever upon the professional place-hunters who dangled "the bloody shirt" before the eyes of these brave men for twenty years after the war, and, for partisan pur-

poses, kept alive the passion of the Civil War!

But nobody dreamed of that in 1865. "Let us have peace!" said the big-hearted Grant; and he meant it. "You will need your horses to make your crops; take them."

Generous conqueror — greatest in that he was considerate and compassionate in the hour of supreme victory!

Yes. Let us have peace. Let us forget the awful past. Let us cure the ghastly wounds of war. Let us beat the swords into ploughshares, and cover the land once more with the splendor of harvests. Let the peaceful hum of industry shame the war bugle into eternal silence.

Who dreamed of the horrors of reconstruction?

Who dreamed of the deliberate, vindictive crusade against Southern civilization? What prophet warned us of Loyal Leagues and carpet-bag hosts bearing down upon us to destroy the white man's pride and purity of race and system, to plant upon its ruins the foulest negro domination?

We had understood that all that was required of us was to lay down our arms. That done, our place in the house of our fathers was again open to us. That done, we were to be treated as brethren who had erred, but who had repented. In this spirit, we had understood Abraham Lincoln to speak at Hampton Roads. In this spirit, we had understood Grant to speak at Appomattox. We never dreamed that when the sword of the brave, generous Northern soldier was sheathed, and we were disarmed, that the vindictive and cowardly and utterly selfish politician would be permitted to wreak his vengeance upon us with legislative pen.

Had that ghastly program of Thad Stevens and Charles Summer been suspected, had it flashed through the minds of Southern leaders that Appomattox was to be followed by the most rancorous and persistent efforts to debase, degrade and destroy everything which the white people of the South held sacred, no power on earth would ever had lowered the flag of the Confederacy while a brigade could be mustered to defend it. If Lee had proven too much of a gentleman-soldier, too much of a West-Pointer, to organize guerilla war throughout the mountain fastnesses and the swamps of the South, he would have been discarded, and the despair of the South would have found its leaders in such men as N. B. Forrest.

Rather than have ingloriously permitted the coming of the day when whites were to be disarmed and negroes armed, whites disfranchised and negroes vested with the ballot, the doors of office closed to the representative whites of the South and opened to the most ignorant negroes, a war of extermination would have been fought in comparison with which the heroic struggle of the South African Republics against Great Britain would have been child's play.

In spite of all that England could do against those weak republics they utterly refused every offer of peace which did not include the stipulation that the Boers themselves should deal with the blacks. The awful experience of the Southern States, whose leaders had fatally neglected that precaution, had made its impression throughout the world; and the men, the boys, the women, and even the girls of the South African Republic were found fighting in the ranks, determined to die with guns in their hands, rather than submit to the horrible treatment of the North inflicted upon the South after Lee's surrender.

Great God! What Southern man or woman can forget it? General Grant did not do it. The brave soldiers who fought us did not do it,

No! The monstrous crime of putting black heels upon white necks was the deed of cowardly politicians who had never smelt gun-powder. They had ridden into office upon the wave of sectional hatred, they devised the infamous Reconstruction policy to keep alive that hate and their own supremacy.

Beaten in the open field; misled into a surrender of their cause; mocked, outlawed, pillaged, and nigger-ruled, what was the white man of the South to do? Should partisan hatred be allowed to reverse the order of nature? Should the blacks dominate the Southern people, debauching the South of the level of Hayti and San Domingo? Should the white men of the Southern States be the sole exception to the law of nature that the superior race shall dominate its inferior?

Against such an idea every instinct of Anglo-Saxon manhood revolted. It never had been so. It should not ever be so.

Death were better than such unbearable degradation. We had been duped, betrayed, disarmed by fair promises—but we were not remediless.

Almost within the compass of a night, an invisible empire sprang to life; and the very best minds and hearts of the South were its sworn subjects.

The order of the White Camelia, and the Ku Klux Klan sprang, full-armed and desperately determined, into the crisis; and against these secret societies negro domination and carpet-bag dictation went down, never to rise again.

General Forrest did the South immense service during the war, but his chief glory is that when the Knightly Lee had disbanded the troops, he reorganized them in a secret league against which the North was utterly powerless.

John B. Gordon was a magnificent soldier in the field, and his star shone with unceasing lustre to the very last; but he was even more effective after Appomattox when he was directing the resistless energies of the Klans which had sworn to redeem Georgia, or die!

Toombs had been forceful in the Senate, and valiant in the field, but he was not less a power when, through his son-in-law, (Gen. DuBose) he was an active counsellor of the Ku Klux Klan.

Hampton of South Carolina was great at Manassas, when, with blood blinding his eyes, he refused to obey Beauregard's order to retreat, sending back the answer "We did not come here to rereat;" but the noblest service he ever rendered the Southern people was when he led the fight to re-instate white people in the control of their own land.

And the work of such soldiers as these was splendidly supplemented by the fiery eloquence of tongue and pen of Ben Hill.

At last, the fearful ordeal was ended. At last, the South shook off alien rule and negro domination.

And the odds against which she struggled, and the completeness with which she triumphed, constitute the most resplendently glorious chapter in her history.

The danger passed. Negroes ceased to vote. The white man had it all his own way. Democracy and the Solid South were fixed facts. Republican delegates from Southern States could dictate the choice of presidential candidates in national conventions—but could never give them a vote in the electoral colleges. A queer situation, for which no remedy has been found; a gruesome legacy of war. True, these Republican delegations from the South are regularly bought; but that is not a remedy. Perhaps it is an aggravation of the disease. Upon the other hand, the Democratic party at the South holds its own in local

matters by surrendering its body and its soul to the Northern wing of the party. No matter who is nominated, no matter what is the platform, the South must vote the Democratic ticket—for fear of the negro.

Out of this anomalous state of things has grown as corrupt a political situation as the world ever knew.

Once, and once only, in the long history of Rome the imperial purple was put up at public auction, and sold to the highest bidder. The very Pretorians who did this thing grew ashamed of the act; and the wretched Julianus had to wipe off the disgrace with his blood. With us, the process of barter and sale occurs regularly every four years; and we have passed the point where we are ashamed. It has become a custom, and, like all customs, has achieved respectability. Where royal concubinage is the practice, royal bastards are peers of the realm; and the strumpets of the kings set fashions for "Society."

The Solid South presenting an unbroken front in national politics, found causes of difference, locally, in the distribution of the spoils. Feuds, factions, bitter antagonisms arose. As a balance of power, the negro was called in to decide the contest. By whom? By Southern Democrats. Thus in their greed for office, the Democrats opened up a new chapter in Southern politics—a chapter which my friend Dr. Thomas Dixon seems to have skipped.

Let us tell the truth and shame the devil! It was the Southern Democrat who lugged the negro back into politics from which the Ku Klux Klan had driven him. So far as the State of Georgia is concerned, this momentous event occurred in 1880, when the mischief-making two-thirds rule split the Democratic Convention; and two Democratic candidates were running for the governorship. In this campaign followers of one of the candidates declared over and over again that no race had ever, in the same space of time, made such wonderful progress in civilization as the negro race had done since the Civil War—a ludicrously false statement which did enormous harm. The other candidate had taken the position that the whites ought to rule, and that negro suffrage was a failure. He was overwhelmingly beaten at the polls, for all the blacks voted against him.

Georgia, by her "White Primary," and other Southern States by Constitutional amendments have made strenuous endeavors to put the negro back where the Ku Klux Klan left him; but the success of the effort is far from complete.

It was a bad day for the whites of the South when her office-hungry politicians took the sacred nigger by the hand and led him, with flattering words, back to the polls to decide the issue of the campaign.

It was a bad day for the South when this same greedy political element permitted the negro leaders to play one faction of the whites against the other—thus securing from Southern Democrats what Northern Republicans could never have given. In this manner, they again entered the doors of office; in this manner, they have educated themselves at our expense; in this manner, they again armed themselves into military companies; in this manner, they secured political recognition.

* * * * *

There was a great gathering of politicians in Atlanta. The Kimball House corridors and rotunda were thronged. Up and down the marble stairway, hurried feet came and went.

Alec. Stephens was going to run for Governor. He had been sent back to Congress, after the war, and had been industrious and effective in departments; but his feeble con-

dition rendered him powerless on the floor of the House. A pale, pathetic figure, propped in his roller-chair, he had been treated with indulgence so long as he was obstructing nobody, but the moment he tried to stop the progress of the majority on the then famous Potter Resolution, he was howled down.

It suited the Georgia politicians, for certain reasons, to run the old statesman for Governor in 1882, and he was now at the Kimball House, in one of the large parlors on the second floor, receiving a constant stream of visitors.

He had written a constitutional history of the "War Between the States," which earned him nearly fifty thousand dollars; and he had spent the money educating young men, and in running a daily newspaper in the vain effort to teach latter-day Democrats what Jeffersonian Democracy was. The old statesman was wan as a ghost; his pallid, shrivelled face spotted with unwholesome dark splotches. But his expression was beautifully benevolent, and his eyes were radiant with the tenderness of a noble heart.

After a long career of labor and opportunity, he was poor. He owned a house and lot in a country town; that was all. Old Harry, his body-servant owned a house and lot beside his former master's; and it was believed that the negro was the richer of the two.

Grand old Statesman! His mind had been a mountain-peak in loftiness; his spotless purity of character tipped it with snow.

Not far from the Kimball House, at his lovely home on Peachtree Street, languished the great Ben Hill, —a cancer eating his life away.

He had been sent to Congress, had bounded into national fame as a debater, had measured strength with Carpenter and Conkling and Blaine. He had joined issue with the Plumed Knight on the question of the Andersonville horrors, and thrilled the South with the pride of his triumph.

Not until he had taken his seat in Congress had any Southern representative dared to "talk back." Ben Hill did it, and did it so grandly that a new life entered into Southern politics.

But his eloquent tongue was stilled at last. Never again would he plead the cause of his people at the bar of public opinion; or rebuke in National councils the partisans who would keep burning forever the fires of sectional hate. I was present and heard Mr. Stephens dictate the last message that ever passed between himself and his ancient foe. The shadow death, the white face of the dying orator, was a flag of truce: and in the late hour of the evening of life these two mastermen of the South were forgetting the bitter animosities of the past.

* * * * *

Gen. Toombs was on hand. He had made his escape to Europe after the war, and had remained abroad several years. He had returned at length, and had resumed the practice of law,—making enormous fees. He had led an attack on the Railroads which were dodging their taxes, and had fought the cases through to the highest courts—succeeding all along the line. He had put a fee of forty-five thousand dollars into his own pocket, and a yearly revenue of about two hundred thousand dollars into the State's coffers.

He had sued the Treasurer of Georgia, a life-long Democrat, and had recovered, in spite of Ben Hill, a large sum to the State; for the officer had negligently kept his accounts and had paid State obligations twice.

At the instance of Toombs, a State Constitutional Convention had been called, to pay the expenses of which he had advanced, as a loan, twenty-

five thousand dollars. He had dominated it; and had so written the law that it seemed to the people that the public revenues would be forever safe, and Railroad monopoly and extortion made impossible. It was not his fault that the law, in both instances, has been thrust aside, and that money is constantly being taken, illegally, out of the treasury, while the Railway Combination bosses the State and its absurd Railroad Commission.

If there be anything on earth more farcical than a State Commission to control the railway corporations, it is the National Commission salaried and sworn to do the same thing.

A disappointed man, Toombs drank heavily, was often drunk; and his habit was to denounce pretty much everything and everybody.

Politically, he no longer counted for anything. But he was rich, stood at the head of the bar, was more or less feared because of his terrible tongue, and held in a respect which was reminiscient of his past glory and his tried loyalty to the South.

Wherever Toombs passed, curious eyes would follow him; wherever he stopped a group would gather to hear him talk. Nobody pinned faith to what he said; nobody altered his course a jot because of any opinion he expressed, but everybody delighted to see him and to hear him talk. It was like going to see Vesuvius in eruption.

* * * * *

I saw General Toombs rise slowly and heavily from one of the tables in the dining room, and come into the corridor leading to the elevator. He leaned upon a gold-headed cane, and walked with a stoop. Two country delegates, coming from Mr. Stephens' room, recognized the General; and over their rough faces spread an expression of joy and pride. One of them cried to the other:

"See here, Sam! this is Toombs—old Toombs!"—using the word old as a term of endearment.

Toombs had drunk just enough wine to be quarrelsome. The lion was in no mood to be fondled. To the confusion of the honest country men, who stood before him bowing and smiling, he roared:

"Don't call me old, sir! By God, Sir. It's an offensive term! Get out of my way!" And with a flourish of his cane, he strode majestically to the elevator.

Late that evening he was down in the bar-room, back of the clerk's desk. He had had his after-dinner nap; the fumes of the wine no longer dulled his brain or ruffled his temper. He was in high good humor, was talking in a rapid, high voice, and was surrounded by a group of eager listeners.

His eyes were as bright as ever, his play of wit and invective as keen, the flexibility of his lips and the animation of his manner as great. His hair was irony-grey, abundant, disordered, like the mane of a lion, but as becoming to him as in his prime. Decidedly, he was the most leonine old man I ever beheld. He was a ruin, but majestic and impressive. No matter how much you might revolt in judgment at what he said, he carried you with him for the moment. There was a power in him which made him royal on the curb-tone, or in the bar-room, just as it had done in court-house and legislative hall.

As I drew near the noisy group where the old General was holding forth, in his wildest way, I caught the words:

"Well, boys, Henry Ward Beecher almost broke his heart over the morals of the South, and now, by God! he has taken Theodore Tilton's wife away from him!"

Toombs laughed boisterously, and there was a regular roar all around. "Poor Tilton!" exclaimed one.

"Poor hell!" retorted the General. "I've got no more pity for Tilton than I have for Beecher. Tilton was an Abolitionist lecturer, too, and was just as fanatical about the South as Beecher was. Those two humbugs worked in harness together to bring on the Civil War, and now at this late day the preacher has to debauch his friend's wife. Nice fellows to go crusading on morals! Perhaps they did it on the idea that they were certain of their sins and damned doubtful of their salvation!"

Shouts of loud laughter of course.

"I wonder if old Thad Stevens lives with that nigger wife of his yet?" continued Toombs.

"You know there are two good reasons why he wants revenge on the South. One is that Gen. P. M. B. Young's cavalry destroyed his foundry at Gettysburg; and the other is, that he loves his negro concubine better than he ever loved a white woman."

Another volley of "Haw, Haw, Haws."

The General rattled on, "Yes, and I see that Cash Clay (Cassius M. Clay) of Kentucky has shot a nigger! By God! I knew he would!" It seemed to tickle Toombs immensely that this noted Abolitionist and professional champion of the negro race had wound up by having to shoot one of his pets.

"By God! I wish that every d—d Yankee who is eternally agonizing over the niggers could be made to wear one of them a-straddle of his nose."

This is not exactly what Toombs said, but conveys his idea as well as can be done in print. His actual wish and words were shockingly coarse and irresistibly funny.

Toombs' exclamation was received with the usual burst of laughter.

The General was a privileged character in these days, and could say things which no other man could have uttered. It was a constant thing for him to denounce the Democratic politicians who were controlling the South. He ridiculed their management and despised their cowardice. They had gone to Louisville, Kentucky, and adopted a national platform in which they declared that the Democrats of the South *adored* the 14th and 15th Amendments in common with the other portions of the Constitution.

For this astounding mendacity, Toombs had no language to fully express his indignation and contempt.

"The d—d fools! Do they expect to deceive the North by any such lies as that? Do they expect to win respect either at home or abroad by base truckling and shameless falsehood? What right have the Democratic bosses to humiliate the Southern people by wallowing in the mud like that?"

He likewise denounced the Democratic party for supporting Horace Greeley for the Presidency. He regarded this as a pusillanimous surrender of principle. Greeley at the session of the Southern States had first said, as General Winfield Scott had done, "Let the erring sisters depart in Peace;" but when the wind set the other way Greeley had shifted his sails and become vindictively antagonistic to the South.

True, he had signed Jeff Davis' bond, but that act alone could not reverse the record of his whole career.

To goad him on, one of the young men said to Toombs:

"General, I believe you hate the North as much as ever."

"Hate it? Of course I hate it. Why shouldn't I? Am I more or less than human? Haven't they given me cause enough? Didn't they drench my country with blood and sweep it with fire? Haven't they deprived me of the rights of a free man? Haven't they injected millions of black savages into the body politic for the sole pur-

pose of blotting out our civilization? Did any other white people, since God made the world, ever try to set the black race over the white? Haven't they so organized a hell in the South that no white woman dares to venture beyond white protection, for fear some lustful black brute will make her his prey? Hate the North? Yes, by God! I do hate it—not the good men and the true who can be found there, as elsewhere, but the dominant party which makes cruelty to the South part of their political capital—men who in the fanaticism of love for the nigger and hatred for us would mongrelize our race and pollute our civilization."

A mild-looking traveller, evidently a Northern man, attracted by the loud talking and the excited group, drew near and listened.

As Toombs paused to take another drink, this Northern gentleman said:

"General Toombs, I was one of those who heard your lecture on slavery in Tremont Temple in 1854. Let me ask you if you do not believe that education will remove all trouble between the whites and blacks in the South?"

Toombs glared at his questioner a moment, as though half inclined to cut him short with some insulting thrust, but the man's attitude and expression was so respectful and earnest, that Toombs' better nature prevailed, and his reply was:

"No, sir, I do not. Education never changes character. Nations and individuals have certain characteristics which are inborn, ineradicable. Education cannot reach and alter these. It cannot take away traits of character from nations or individuals, nor can it give them. God makes character,—school-teachers can only train what is already there."

"But persisted the Northern man," the Frenchman, the German, the Anglo-Saxon, the Celt are no longer

the savages they used to be. Education has civilized them."

"In part, yes," answered Toombs. "But in character the Frenchman is today what he was when a savage,—lustful, brave, fickle, enthusiastic, emotional. Among the German tribes women always held a high, sacred place; and a sense of individual freedom and independence was predominant. Those characteristics of the savage state are their characteristics today. Education has refined them, but has not changed them. So the Celt. The Irishman and the Scotch-Highlander of today is precisely what he was in race characteristics, when he was a bare-legged savage. You can't educate the fun and the courage out of an Irishman. You can't educate the seriousness and courage out of the Highlander. Now take the negro. In his native home he had no morals. These naked savages lived promiscuously, and indulged their passions as openly as goats. They were brought over here and we put clothes on them. We compelled them to lives of outward decency. But they have no real morality." The remainder of the General's story is unprintable.

The look of mingled amazement and disgust which spread over the Northern man's face at this brutally frank statement was a sight to see. Without another word, he turned and walked off, followed by shouts of laughter from the young men who surrounded Toombs.

"General, what's going to be the end of this negro problem?" asked one of the bystanders.

Toombs was silent, reluctant to speak,—a most uncommon thing with him. At length he spoke very earnestly and impressively:

"Unless all human experience and foresight is vain, there are only two possible solutions; either the negro must be accepted as a social and political equal, or he must be kept in subjection by some form of coercion. To give him education, and at the same time condemn him to political and social inferiority, is impossible without a fight. Let the South get ready for one of two things, negro equality, or the forcible holding down of the negro. Pitiful little politicians, dickering for office, may suggest temporary expedients to allay the trouble, but to the statesman it is clear that one or the other of these two alternatives must come."

"Then you oppose the education of the negro, General?"

"Oh, I make no objection to his being taught to read and write, but as a rule when you do more for the negro you have turned loose upon society a social incendiary, agitator and revolutionist. He will never contentedly sink back to his place as a negro, but will ever afterwards crave a higher position."

"You hate the negro race, General?"

"By no means, sir," he promptly answered.

"As long as a negro keeps his place I like him well enough. There are some good negroes—loyal, honest, true to death—but they are few. As a race, they are vastly inferior to whites, and deserve pity. This pity I am willing to extend to them as long as they remain negroes, but the moment a nigger tries to be a white man, I hate him like hell."

"General, do you ever expect to take the oath of allegiance to the government?" some one asked.

"No, by God, I will live and die an unreconstructed rebel!"

"But after all, General," asked a voice in the crowd, "was it not better that we got whipped in the war?"

"Whipped? We never got whipped. We wore ourselves out whipping them! Gentlemen, let me tell you—Bob Lee was too soft-hearted, too much of a gentleman, to be a successful soldier. Had he been as ruthless as Frederick the Great, Napoleon, or

Wellington, we would have won the fight during the first two years. Think of Lee in Maryland and Pennsylvania putting the fence rails back in the fences, and forbidding his famished soldiers to forage! When did the North really begin to make headway against us? It was when she put gentlemanly, squeamish commanders aside, and selected ruthless generals like Grant and Sherman. *Then* we caught it!

"McClellan and Burnside and Meade—they never would have conquered the South. It required such a man as Grant who didn't care a damn how many of his men got slaughtered, provided he could win; Sheridan, who got up out of the bed and galloped to Winchester to rally his men to victory, and who left the Shenandoah Valley a smoking blood-soaked desert; Sherman, who said 'war is hell and you can't refine it,' and who was the only general of modern times to issue orders to kill non-combatants and burn undefended cities. Lee and Stuart and Johnston and Beauregard made war like gentlemen—and got thrashed.

"Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan made war like soldiers,—and won. After all war *is* hell, and the squeamish man had better stay out of it."

Recurring then to the original query, Toombs continued:

"No, I am not glad Lee surrendered. We ought to have won our independence. The Southern States should form an empire of itself. So ought New England. So ought the North. So ought the West. The republic is too big. Legislation fails when applied to so wide a territory. The welfare of the four great sections is too antagonistic. Gross injustice to some one part of the country, or class of the people, is unavoidable in so huge a realm. From the foundation of the government agriculture has been pillaged to build up manufactures. Public funds have been diverted by the billion to embellish the North. The wealthy classes really pay no Federal tax. The corporations pay none. National legislation is bought and sold. National finance is given over to the exploitation of the banking fraternity. If ever the common people of the land can be made to understand how they are robbed under the forms of legislation—if ever our financial and tariff systems are so exposed that their wickedness is clearly seen,—there will be a revolution which will shake the world.

"But I am an old man. My day is passed. The people seem to have lost heart. The South is ruled by as cowardly and venal a lot of place-hunting politicians as ever lived. Like putrid bodies in the stream, they rise as they rot. They would sell their souls for office. They lick the feet of Tammany corruptionists, and grovel in the dust before Northern money. But Southern pride and principle will one day assert themselves again. Our people will not always submit to this damnable state of affairs. The issues will be rejoined some day and the South will be better prepared.

"Unless the North lets us alone, ceases to oppose us with unjust legislation, quits this everlasting business of trying to force us to accept the nigger as an equal—fate has no day more sure to come than another colossal Civil War in which the East and North will be crushed by the South and West."

"But General," said one of the crowd, "Mr. Stephens counsels peace."

"I don't care a damn if he does!" blurted Toombs.

"Henry Grady cries peace too, and so does Jack Gordon and Ben Hill and Lushe Lamar. What do I care for the talk of politicians and opportunists? They may cry "Peace!" till the heavens fall, but there will not

be peace till good-will between sections is restored; and good will cannot be restored by mere chin music and sweet air. Let them give us justice, let them quit bothering our domestic affairs, let them get over their hallucination that the nigger is a white gentleman accidently clothed in a black skin. Then, the Union may again be one of love and patriotism. At present, it is one of force, and no brave people can long be held down by force.

"Boys excuse me—I've got to go and send a telegram to General Grant!"

In his majestic way Toombs stalked over to the desk of the telegraph operator, and penned a despatch.

The operator looked pretty wild about the eyes as he scanned the words to figure the cost; and well he might, for the telegram read,

"General U. S. Grant,
"San Francisco.

"You fought for your country and won. I fought for mine and lost. Death to the Union!

R. TOOMBS."

This dispatch was handed to Gen. Grant during the festivities which celebrated his return home from his voyage around the world. He read it, smiled slightly and said never a word. It was the despairing cry of the baffled minority, unheeded then and now by a militant, irresistible, aggressive majority.

Being by nature a non-combatant, ready to crawl through a barbed wire fence at any time to avoid strife of any kind, I was greatly disturbed in my mind by Toombs' talk. Finding Mr. Stephens almost alone in his room, I told him what the old General had said, and asked him what he thought of it. He smiled, and pushed his roller chair back and forth as he answered: "Oh, well, Toombs talks sometimes just to hear himself talk. He loves to create a sensation and arouse antagonism. Were there any Northern travellers down there?"

I answered that they were; and repeated what Toombs had said

Mr. Stephens' eyes danced with merriment; he said, "Toombs is never so wild as when he knows some Northern man is listening to what he says. He delights in sticking pins in them."

"Then you don't fear another war between the sections?" I asked. "No, I do not. North and South are being knit together more inseparably every day by the imperishable bonds of self-interest. Commerce, banks, manufactures, mines, foundries, railroads—every new investment of Northern money in Southern fields is an additional rivet in the clamps which holds the two sections together. No; there will never be another secession or war between the sections!"

"But the negro?" I ventured to ask.

"It is a question which will settle itself" he answered.

"The North will grow cool after a while, and will see things as they are. They will learn to know the negro. Blacks will go North and whites will come South until the facts will be clear to all. Northern intelligence will realize that the negro is not a white man with a black skin. The Civil War was to a great extent the result of misunderstanding. Such a calamity will not occur again. Noble men and women throughout the North will gradually waken to the truth, and the fashion of idealizing the negro will pass away."

"Then there is no reason to fear social equality?"

"None whatever. There never was such a thing as social equality, even among the whites. There never will prove themselves to be vastly superior to the mass of their race. Such exceptions may be treated with something of the consideration which is the due of the average white man.

In like manner, there were exceptional Indians who used to be treated as social equals by the whites, but the mass of the Indian race were never admitted to anything like social equality. So as to the Chinese.

The North understands the race prejudice against the Indians for they shared it. She understands a Californian's distaste for the Chinaman. In God's own time she will understand the Southern prejudice against the negro. Then she will cease to interfere. The North has never understood the negro, nor the negro question. In the days of slavery she was deceived about conditions here, and she is being deceived now.

But I know enough about racial history to believe that blood will always be thicker than water, and that the white men of the North can never be held to any policy whose intention is to degrade the whites in the interest of the blacks. It would be too horribly cruel and unnatural.

San Domingo, Hayti, Liberia, Africa—from all these will come object lessons and prophetic warnings, which will rouse the North to the perils or indulge in illusions about the negro.

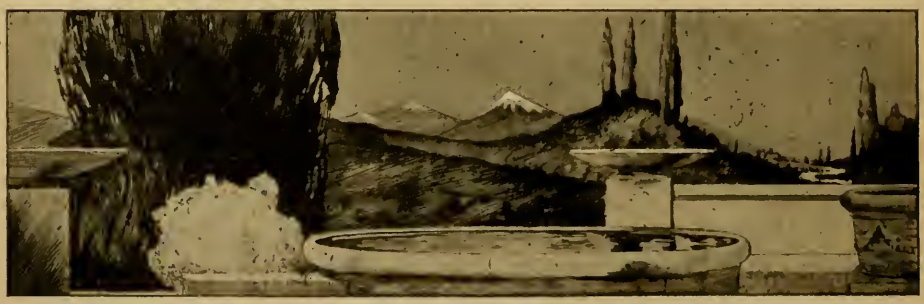
When it has sunk deep in the minds of the Northern people that nothing keeps the Southen negro from relapsing into barbarism save the example, the discipline, and the driving-power of the whites, they will feel toward the weak, superstitious, lustful, inflammable, dangerous creature just as we do."

I rose to say "Good night," but the aged statesman held me a moment by the hand as was his habit with young people whom he liked. "There was one thing, Mr. Horton, which Toombs said that I endorse."

I was all attention.

"If ever there is another war in this republic it will not be sectional, but social. There is grave danger of bloody strife between classes—the too rich and the too poor, the illegally plunderered and the lawless plunderers. If ever the masses of the people can be made to understand our system of class-legislation, taxes and finance, there will be trenchant reform or frightful revolution."

As he uttered these words, in his most earnest manner, the old man's eyes blazed with their ancient lustre, and his withered right hand smote its fellow as it had done in the days when he warned his people not to go out of the Union.



"HIS HIGHNESS", PACIFICATOR.

BY EUGENIA L. CHANDLER.

Mabel Page looked with pained surprise at the calm face of her visitor, and asked herself if it were possible for a girl to be entirely without a heart.

"And you are going to Florida—er—with your aunt, I suppose?" The question was rather a lame one.

For a moment the gay ripple of laughter was her only answer, then Helen informed her, "O, dear, no! I go alone to Jacksonville, where Sara, Max and Arnold will meet me and from there we four go together. I am sure we will enjoy the trip immensely."

"Helen! Helen! how could you be so shallow?"

Up until six weeks before this time Helen Lorimer was engaged to Mabel's handsome brother-in-law, Harry, and a happier couple would have been hard to find.

Both of them were good looking, sensible as lovers are expected to be, and every one was satisfied that a better arrangement could not be made.

Nineteen year old Helen and "Young Mrs. Page," as town talk styled Mabel, were great friends, and made plans as only girls can.

Harry agreed with them that the honeymoon should be spent in Florida with a flying trip to Havana, then "home" via New Orleans.

"Many a slip between cup," etc., is too old, so "Many a slip twixt plan and trip," suits this instance better.

For one night Helen stood still and watched the door close behind Harry as he left her, too angry and hurt to care much for anything. Some one saw them pass each other on the street, with polite bows, nothing more. This, coupled with the fact that she no longer wore his ring, told the story, and by night every one in town knew that the engagement was "off."

The "how and why" no one could find out, and when Harry "went North on a business trip," gossip quieted down somewhat. Young Mrs. Page had never mentioned her brother-in-law's name to her friend since the engagement was broken, for she did not understand at all how it had come about, and Helen did not offer any explanation.

But to speak of going to Florida in January, on an extended tour with a party and laugh gaily over the matter was a little too much for her and she said slowly, "It is best after all for you and Harry not to carry, for I see now you never really loved him. Helen, I am disappointed in you, dear. How can you go to Florida after all your planning, without him?"

Helen's big, blue eyes met her's for an instant, troubled and appealing. The face was not guilty of the faintest attempt at a smile. Helen looked very white and tired.

"Mabel you couldn't ever understand me. Sometimes I don't understand myself. How much I care about this, or ever will, what it really means to me, or—him, I haven't stopped to think. Don't you see I can't afford to think? Let's drop this. If you won't let me help you about supper, and insist that I spend the night, since Leon is away, don't let me keep you in here. If His

Highness wakes I will look after him. He likes me, you know, so perhaps he won't cry."

The door had hardly closed behind his mother, however, before "His Highness," who had been sleeping soundly in his cradle, opened his eyes and lifted up his voice at the same time.

"What aileth thee, My Lord? Shsh! Don't screw your face up into such a knot. Now sit here and watch the fire like a good boy, until your mama comes back."

Taking the tiny bundle of humanity, lawn and lace, in her arms, Helen sat down in a great rocking chair before the fire and began the task of amusing "His Highness."

He was naturally good, as babies go, and soon he was snatching at her hair, a little squeel or low gurgle of laughter proving how vastly tickled he was.

Then some one walked into the hall without knocking and on down to the kitchen. Helen, thinking Leon had returned unexpectedly to surprise his wife, glanced around the room to see if things were presentable, patting her hair into shape again, for she knew they would both come in a moment to see "that dear, darling, son" of theirs.

Out in the kitchen, Mabel looked up from her bread tray, her pretty arms floury and more or less on her face and apron, to find Harry standing in the door.

"Oh, isn't she learning right along?" he asked teasingly, for Mabel's lack of knowledge concerning housekeeping was a standing joke with him.

"Why, Harry," she exclaimed, an expression that greatly puzzled him, flashing across her face.

"Yes, sister mine? What have I done now—made you forget to put the pepper in the biscuit? Where is Leon—in your room?"

"Nothing, you surprised me so. Leon is in Montgomery and won't be home until tomorrow. Your mother is over next door, but she will be back in a little while."

"Say, don't you put salt in the coffee? Let me implore you not to add vinegar to my—" "Hush, goose. Run upstairs like a good boy and get some of that travel-stain off of your face."

So it happened that a few minutes later Helen heard some one moving around up stairs, whistling and later singing. A song and a voice she knew only too well.

"You don't seem like the girl I used to know—
Your love is not the same as years ago.
The years we've been apart, you have changed, I know, sweetheart;
You don't seem like the girl I used to know."

He had asked her once would there ever come a time when he could sing that and really mean it, and she had answered "No."

There was silence for a space in the room up stairs, and the one down, as well, for Helen forgot all about "His Highness" as she heard steps on the stairs. "How is it all going to end?" she asked herself.

The look of dismayed surprise on the young man's face was a fleeting one as he came forward with a grave smile.

"Good evening 'His Highness' has a new nurse I see. He is to be congratulated."

Helen never knew what she said, for everything whirled around in a bewildering way as her heart found its way up into her throat, but outwardly she was perfectly calm. For once "His Highness'" fretting proved opportune, since he occupied all of her attention and relieved her from carrying on a conversation.

Harry found the papers and sat

opposite her, where he could watch her face and read at the same time. Finally the baby went to sleep and Helen sat still, holding him, gazing into the fire. Once she glanced furtively at the face behind the paper, across the table, then concentrated her eyes but not her thoughts on the blazing coals. That one glimpse of Harry's face had told her much. The mouth was set in exactly the same manner as when she gave his ring back—ages ago, it seemed to her. The long black lashes cast shadows under his eyes and his forehead was contracted as if his head ached. Helen wondered if it did, and a maddening desire possessed her, to brush the curl, just over his ear, back, and smooth out his forehead with her fingers.

"But you can't now. What is it to you if his head does ache," something seemed to mock her, and with a sigh half audible, her fingers strayed over the tiny head resting on her arm. Slowly the big, brown eyes opened and "His Highness" smiled, sweetly, then went to sleep aagin. With the baby face pressed against her own, the full meaning of a great many things came to her, and Helen felt as if the whole world had slipped from her fingers. She remembered with a queer feeling in her throat, the night Harry told her he loved her and how time had paused a moment in its mad flight as he kissed her that first time. Then came days of blissful dreaming. The world grew bright and life meant a great deal more to them than it ever had before. Helen found depths in her lover's nature of which she had never dreamed and her laughing remark as to her world being bound by "two strong arms, a great big heart and a pair of brown eyes" had more truth than poetry in it. And tonight while they waited for Mabel to call them to supper, many bitter sweet thoughts chased each other through their minds. It was as if they two had been at the very threshhold of

Paradise, when, with a crash, the gate flew shut and left them on the outside.

"I don't see why I had to learn to love him and then give him up. I know he loved me and I want him so!" wailed the girl to herself, for this was the first time she had allowed herself to think the whole affair over.

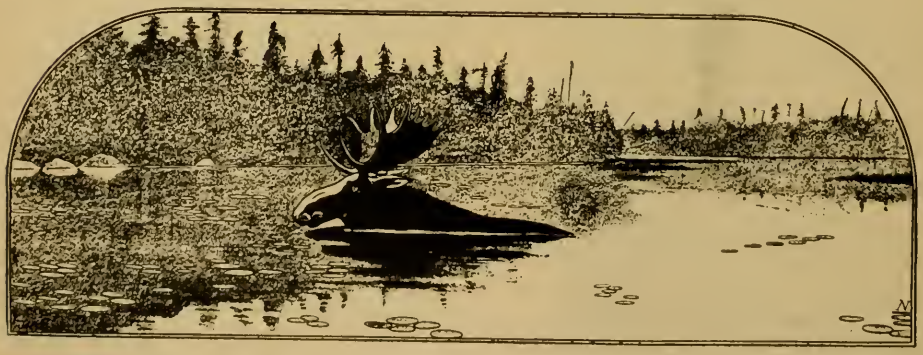
With Harry so near her, yet so far away, brought home to her heart the knowledge of just how much that quarrel had cost her. Harry had long since ceased to pretend to read and as he saw the slender girl in the big chair, buried in her thoughts, he took the opportunity to study the face so dear to him, but lost now, perhaps, forever. The thoughts that crowded his mind were almost the same as her own, and all the love and longing which he had buried deep in his heart since that night, concentrated itself in his eyes and his face told a tale of love not to be misunderstood.

Helen's eyes burned with hot unshed tears, everything grew dark and she wondered dully if she were going to faint. Realizing that "His Highness" was getting very heavy, she unclasped the little fingers from her own. As she raised her head the two big scalding tears trembling on her lashes splashed down her cheeks, and for a moment her eyes met the passionate appeal in the brown ones just opposite. Her eyes closed tightly as he leaned over her, his lips closing over hers in a kiss that cancelled all the weeks of misunderstanding.

"Wait, dear," she whispered, rising swiftly and laying "His Highness" in his cradle, then she came back to him.

"Bless the baby," Harry said softly, and she answered, "Yes, he didn't say a word, but he—," her voice faltered and ended in a sob.

Some time later Mabel looked in and saw Harry sitting in the big chair, talking earnestly to a little figure sitting at his feet, her head lowered on his knee and his hand pressed against a flushed tear-stained cheek. "His Highness," forgotten, by these two at least, was kicking away and threatening every moment to complain against the fate of those who fulfill their mission in life and are cast aside.



MERCERSBURG, PA., June 11, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—Will you, to settle a dispute, answer the following questions, viz: What is the difference in the principles of Administrative finance as advocated by Watson's Magazine or the Pops, as they are commonly termed, and the United States bank charter as vetoed by Jackson in 1833? Our would-be true-to-party people here claim "that you Pops are one side of the fence one day and the next day we find you on the other side of same fence trying to tear down to-day that which you built the day before"—and as a proof of the assertion in quotation, they say, "You laud Andrew Jackson for vetoing the United States bank charter in 1833, and now you ask the Government to go into the banking business to the extent of issuing a currency. I'd like to know who can follow such d—d foolery?" All I can do or say I cannot convince them that there is a vast difference to the interest of the people—the most people. Possibly you can enlighten them.

Yours truly,
F. H. FOREMAN.

ANSWER.

I wondered at the criticism of us poor old dead-and-buried Pops, until I saw where it came from. Since it came from Pennsylvania, I no longer marvel, but rejoice. When Pennsylvania mossbacks rouse themselves to the point indicated in the letter of Mr. Foreman, the still depths of the American political ocean are profoundly stirred, indeed. Taking new heart and a fresh hold, I beg to say that,—we Pops stand just as we always stood—*for the money of the Constitution,* gold, silver and paper. If the U. S. Supreme Court knows what the Constitution means, *that's* what it means.

Instead of being antagonistic to the position of Jackson when he fought the National bank, we are with him, tooth and toe nail. We have *always* been against National banks, just as Jackson was.

In his farewell address, President Jackson denounced the money-power in the same spirit, and almost in the same language, that we Pops—all dead and gone now—used to employ.

We wanted the Government to take back to itself the sovereign power of creating the money supply of the country. We contended that this tremendous power should not be delegated to private persons and corporations. Let the Government coin (equivalent to create) its own money—gold, silver, paper—and issue it directly to the people. This was Jefferson's way; and under Madison, Monroe and Jackson and Lincoln the *Government issued its own notes to be used as money.*

What's the matter with Pennsylvania that she finds fault with *the currency system of the Constitution, of Andrew Jackson and of Abraham Lincoln?*

THAT'S where we Pops stand,—or *did* stand, up to the time we had to "go way back and sit down."

WAYNESBORO, VA., June 4, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Please answer in the educational department of your magazine the following questions:

1. What is meant by the *Initiative* and *Referendum?*

2. What manner of man was Aaron Burr? Did he not earnestly support Jefferson for the Presidency and then, at the last moment, consent to become the Federalist candidate?

It seems to me that the Federalists saw that their candidate would be defeated and to save themselves from Jefferson, whom they considered a fanatic, they persuaded Burr who, although not a Federalist, was not as much of a Democrat as Jefferson, to agree to serve in the event that the electors should pitch upon him. Am I not correct?

3. Did the original Bucktails of whom Aaron Burr was leader develop into the political organization now known as Tammany Hall?

4. Is Richmond Hill, formerly owned by Aaron Burr, comprised in the present Atler estate of New York?

5. Were not Aaron Burr and Andrew Jackson great friends, and wasn't the latter's election to the Presidency largely due to the efforts of Aaron?

6. Would not the issue of paper currency *by the Government based on the credit of the Government* relieve a money stringency? If not, why not?

7. If it is absolutely essential that every greenback in circulation should be redeemable in gold or silver, why not dispense with the greenback altogether and let the gold and silver which is held for the purpose of redeeming the greenback circulate in its stead? Of what use to the people is the gold and silver, which is locked up in the U. S. treasury or in the hands of some National banker?

Hoping that you may find time and space in which to answer these questions, and wishing you great success, I am, Very truly yours,

GEO. E. ALLEN.

ANSWERS.

1. By the *Initiative,* is simply meant *the beginning,* by the people themselves of such laws as they suppose themselves to need. Our present system was put in force because it was believed that *representatives* chosen by the people, in State Legislatures and in Congress, would always carry out the wishes of their constituents. *This theory* retains its beauty, but *the practice* is sadly disfigured,—though still in the ring. The people's wants and wishes seldom travel further than election day. As a rule, the representative chosen by the people develops into a pliant servitor of the corporations and cultivates a fine contempt of "popular clamor."

By *Referendum* is meant the right of the people to have submitted to them, for their approval, any proposed law, before the Legislative shall adopt it. *"Refer it to us,"* say the people to their legislative representative. *That* is the *Referendum.*

It is thoroughly Democratic; so is the people right "to begin legislation,—*the Initiative.*

As to Aaron Burr, he was neither saint nor satan. He has been the subject of exaggeration. His enemies paint him too black, and his partisans go to the other extreme. He was no worse than the average professional politician of his day and generation.

Nothing that he ever did or designed was more hurtful to his country than the trick by which Martin Van Buren and John Forsyth created

a feud between Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun.

Jefferson and Burr were the Republican Presidential candidates, voted for on *the general understanding* that Jefferson was candidate for President and Burr for Vice-president. *At that time, the ticket voted did not specify the offices, separately, as they do now.*

There is no *proof* that Burr played false. His attitude, while the Federalists were scheming against Jefferson, was rather that of aloofness. Had he accepted the Presidency as the result of a combination between his friends and the Federalists, would his conduct have involved any greater degree of political immorality than that of Henry Clay when he confederated with John Quincy Adams to take the Presidency from Andrew Jackson?

I am not sure that it would, for in the latter case the will of the people was ignored by the politicians just as it would have been in the other.

3. Tammany Hall originated in 1789 as a sort of protest against the "Society of the Cincinnati." At first, it pretended to be a charitable association, but soon took a hand in New York politics.

Aaron Burr realized its possibilities as a political machine and got control of it, though he never joined it. By the adroit use of Tammany, Burr won the brilliant victory over Hamilton in 1799 which made Jefferson President. William Mooney, an Irish-American, was the originator of Tammany Hall, known at first as the Columbian Order.

4. It is now within the city limits, but I do not know the present owner.

5. Yes, they were great friends. Burr certainly suggested Jackson for military command, in the War of 1812, but there is no evidence that Burr contributed materially to Jackson's election to the Presidency.

6. It certainly would.

7. The gold reserve held for the redemption of greenbacks is just so much National waste, mismanagement, and subservience to the money power.

The gold reserve does no good to the people. The U. S. Treasury, in a spirit of complaisance to the money bags aristocracy, locks up a large part of the people's circulating medium, *thus keeping it out of competition with the money of the National Banks.*

Right now, our Government is preparing a new issue of 2 per cent bonds to take the place of the maturing 4 per cent, when we have in the treasury and in the pet banks hundreds of millions of surplus money.

No Government of which history gives an account ever so openly, constantly and flagrantly betrayed the rights of the common people *to a favored few* as does our own Republic.

But as long as the dupes *prefer party regularity to good laws and equitable conditions,* we need not hope for anything better.

By the way—are the Virginia delegates going to be sent by express to the next Democratic National Convention, or will they be shipped in Tom Ryan's private car, as heretofore?

ATLANTA, GA., May 22, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have never had the pleasure of meeting you personally, although I have read all of your books and a great many of your articles with the deepest interest.

I am anxious to obtain some information, which I believe you are in a position to give me more accurately than anyone else I know of, and I would appreciate it if you would write me briefly in answer to the following:

1. What are the fundamental principles of the Republican party of the United States at the present time?

2. What are the fundamental principles of the Democratic party of the United States at this time?

3. What measures of importance effecting the country at large are being advocated by the Republican party, and on what grounds?

4. What measures of importance effecting the country at large are being advocated by the Democratic party; and on what grounds?

5. Are there any measures pending in Congress effecting the welfare of the country at large upon which both parties agree?

I know that this is asking a great deal of a busy man, but as I need this in preparing a speech to be made before a Banker's Convention, I would appreciate very much your valuable services in the matter.

Very truly yours,

A. P. COLES.

—

ANSWERS.

1. Protection to Home Industries: that is, the taxing of all other classes by means of Tariff systems, to build up the manufacturing class at the expense of the others. The National Banking system, which surrenders to a favored few the tremendous power and profit of controlling our money supply. A large, expensive navy to enable us to hold a big White Elephant which everybody is sick and tired of,—the Philippines. Appropriations for internal improvements, so that every little trout stream in New England may be fed by copious rills flowing from the National Treasury. The gold standard, by means of which the value of the gold dollar may be imparted to every other dollar.

2. This question cannot be answered until the next Democratic National Convention hands out an official confession of faith. Bryan Democrats are almost Populists; and Cleveland-Parker Democrats are almost Republicans. Between these two extremes can be found other melancholy fragments, labelled *Democratic*, but not capable of classification.

3. The digging of the Panama Canal to improve commerce; the Ship Subsidy, for the same alleged reason; the regulation of public utility corporations to insure better service or to protect the public from oppressive charges; the control of immigration, to protect this country from the sweepings of European slums; the saving of the national forests from the depredations of the Lumber Trust thieves; the reclamation of desert areas by irrigation.

4. On each of the above policies, the Democrats would probably split up, some favoring each of the measures referred to and some opposing. The Democrats, as a party, are committed to the regulation of railroad rates, and to the reclamation of arid lands. The Democrats also give their support to the Panama Canal, and the Immigration Commission.

On the question of the Protective Tariff, the Gold Standard, and the National Banks, the Democratic party has never failed to give the Republicans such support as was necessary to the maintenance of the system.

5. For all practical purposes, both parties are agreed in upholding the present Financial System, the present Tariff System, the Internal Improvements System, the large Navy, the Colonial System, and the National Control of Transportation companies, and of other corporations engaged in Interstate Commerce. In short, both parties are substantially the same. While Judge Parker was running, in 1904, he could not say, though hotly urged to do so,—wherein he differed from Mr. Roosevelt upon any important principle or policy of National Government. *Nor could he say* NOW.

Reminiscences of Famous Georgians, by Lucian Lamar Knight. Franklin-Turner Co., Atlanta, Ga., Publishers. (Price of Vol. I., $2.50.)

Handsomely bound and beautifully printed, this book is a credit to the Publishers.

In the Table of Contents, the reader is promised a rich feast, and the author does not disappoint him. When Mr. Knight shall have finished his second volume, thus completing his work, the product will be one which will add value as well as entertainment to every library.

A rarely gifted man himself, Mr. Knight is in every way qualified to write of Famous Georgians. He has a sympathetic insight into character, he has knowledge of general history, he has the power of expression, he has good judgment in selection. Malice planted no thorns in the mind and heart of Lucian Knight; envy, jealousy, prejudice, wither and die in the warm glow of his generous soul. Some other day, some other writer will legthen the list of Famous Georgians, and our children's children will treasure the name of Lucian Lamar Knight.

In his care-taking gathering up of material for his book, the author has gone over the whole field. Of Crawford, the Cobbs, the Lamars, the Lumpkins, the Colquitts, the Pierces, the Jacksons, of Ben Hill and Joe Brown and Bob Toombs and Alex. Stephens and Henry Grady and John B. Gordon, life-like pictures are painted in words which are the perfection of style.

A style which, like a conspicuous, new dress upon a coquette, seems to be saying, *"Isn't this fine?"* in a vicious style. Sooner or later, it betrays the writer into paying more attention to his language than to his thoughts. And when *that* happens, he might as well hang up his fiddle. This world is too serious a place for mere word mongers.

Mr. Knight's style is delightfully easy, clear, direct and simple. Like the crystal on the face of the watch (to borrow a simile), which shows what is beneath *without attracting attention to itself, thus perfectly answering its purpose,* so the facts in the narrative of "Famous Georgians" are so distinctly and naturally stated that one's thoughts are *never diverted to the style.*

In the Appendix of Vol. I., is a collection of select speeches. This will be a gold mine for the boys of the land who have to "speak a piece" at school exhibitions, college commencements and Fourth of July celebrations. Hereafter, when three or four hundred young men get after me for a "piece to speak," I will know what to do. The *Appendix* to Lucian Knight's Vol. I. of *Famous Georgians* will let me out of many a scrape, and will enrich hundreds of public occasions with oratory which is the best that's in the shop.

Eagle Oak and Other Poems, by Samuel Henderson Newberry. Everett Waddey & Co., Richmond, Va., Publishers. ($1.50 net.)

The poems which fill this volume of 421 pages are the songs of a life-time, their dates ranging from the middle of the last century into the first years of this. They appear to be the unstudied

outpourings of a mind warmed by genuine poetic feeling, of a heart that is tender, brave and true.

One can go through these poems and gather sentiments, precepts, and principles for a complete Gospel of Life. Not written to sell, not written for fame, not written to cater to some passing popular demand, they possess that peculiar interest which attaches to any mental work which we know to be absolutely honest.

In *"The People's Want,"* the poet outlines his conception of real manhood. It is a pity that the "Readers" which are officially adopted for the use of our schools cannot be required to include this poem in all future editions. It is worth, for educational purposes, ten thousand *"Hohenlindens"* and *"Excelsiors"* and *"Rienzi to the Romans."*

In the Old Country, before the era of newspapers, they used to require certain papers, proclamations and so forth, "to be read in all the churches."

If I were king and had the power, every blessed preacher in the land should be required, forthwith, to read out in church—as soon as the rear-end bench gang filed in—Mr. Newberry's lines *"Vote as you pray."*

Of course, it is not to be expected that all of the preachers, deacons, and exquisitely correct brethren will ever establish working relations between their politics and their religion; or, rather, between what they think they believe in politics and what they believe they think in religion. Nevertheless, it would do the congregation, generally, considerable good to hear, read out from the pulpit, such a healthy, wholesome lot of stanzas as those which follow the title *"Vote as you pray."*

I observe with keen interest the date of this poem. It is 1892. And I am prepared to make oath, on any given number of Bibles, that the poet's advice has not, as yet, been followed.

No poet ever uttered a truer word than Mr. Newberry when he said,

"Our eyes have been shut when praying
As well as when going to vote."

In the *"White Man's Burden,"* Mr. Newberry makes a clever retort upon Kipling, and is much nearer the truth of the matter than was that cowardly, imperialistic cad.

"Civilization is Booming," is a fine satire upon the shams that prevail throughout Christendom in the name of Christian civilization. Scattered throughout the volume are tender lyrics such as *"Love's Labor's Lost," "The Song of my Heart,"* and *"A Love Letter."*

Finely conceived and well expressed is the poem, *"Let Me Write My Country's Songs,"* an excellent piece of work, indeed. *"The Crown is For All Who Fight Till They Die"* ring like one of Macaulay's *"Lays."*

Old soldier, come listen, good tidings I bring,
From the army of nations, whose leader is King;
To the ends of the earth His banners unfurled,
And the foe is retreating all over the world—
Then *stand by your colors!*
Wherever they fly,
For the Crown is for those
WHO FIGHT TILL THEY DIE.

Books Received.

MEVERIGN, A ROMANCE OF THE PHILIPPINES, by Eugenia Howard Finley. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

BIXBY OF BOSTON, by John Torrence Fitzgerald. Broadway Publishing Co., New York, Publishers.

A MORNING'S MAIL, by Edmund Vance Cook. Pearson Bros., Philadelphia, Publisers.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

POINT TEXAS, July 2, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson:—I have just read what you have to say about Mr. O. P. Pyle in the July number of your magazine. It hurts me and my dear mother for you to treat Mr. Pyle this way. He was my dear papa's best friend; he told my papa when he was on his death bed that we should never want for the necessities of life. I do not think it wrong to sell the picture. So many Union members wanted a photograph that it was not possible to send all of them one. Mr. Pyle consulted mama about the matter and she consented for him to have the picture made, but would not consent to sell them herself, but asked Mr. Pyle to sell them for her. We do not think it is wrong to use the money which these pictures bring. Do you think it is wrong, Mr. Watson?

If we have made a mistake, we will have Mr. Pyle to quit selling them. But we really need the money. I am working in a store for only $30.00 a month to help out. I can't make a living for the family, as I am only 18 years old. Have one brother 16 years old, two sisters 12, one 7 years.

Mr. Pyle has been very kind to us in the hours of our great affliction, when my dear papa left us. It was a great comfort to know that we had such a friend as Mr. Pyle, who would care for us.

In justice to ourselves and to Mr. Pyle, I ask you to publish this letter in the August number of your magazine. Very truly,

(MISS) LUTIE GRESHAM.

THOMSON, GA., July 3, 1907.

MISS LUTIE GRESHAM,
Point, Texas.

Dear Miss Gresham:—Your favor received. You may be certain that no such idea ever entered my head as that there was anything wrong in the sale of the picture of your honored father. It is of course entirely proper. So much so that there can be no question about it. Had Mr. Pyle simply mailed a circular notice to every reform editor in the South and Southwest, stating that these photographs were being sold for the benefit of the family of your deceased father there is not a single one of these editors who would, in my judgment, have hesitated to have given the notice a very friendly and conspicuous advertisement. Speaking for myself, I beg you to believe that no such appeal would have been made to me in vain. The notice would have been given prominent place not only in my weekly paper from week to week, but in my monthly magazine. In the various notices which I have seen there was a request that remittances for these photographs be sent to Mr. Pyle and if there was any explanation that the sale of the picture was entirely for the benefit of the family of Mr. Gresham, it escaped my notice. Pardon me for the suggestion that the only mistake that has been made was in not having made it

perfectly plain to everybody that the purpose of the sale of the picture was solely to benefit this deserving and honored family.

It will give me pleasure, in the August number of the Magazine, to make just such a statement about the whole matter as will put the facts clearly and fully before the public and at the same time greatly increase the sale of the pictures. If you will accept them with my compliments and best wishes, I will send you, regularly, my weekly paper and monthly magazine.

Assuring you of my high regards, I am Very respectfully yours,

THOS. E. WATSON.

---

810 East Third Street,
SEDALIA, MO.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Under the heading *Roosevelt's Sound Talk,* you publish in your June magazine an article credited to the Clifton *Mirror.*

Since this article is a warm endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's Indianapolis speech which contradicts your own position on the railroad question, I cannot understand why you allowed it space in your columns.

In his Indianapolis speech Mr. Roosevelt claims that the railroad property of the country is worth as much as the securities representing it.

In an editorial in the same number of your magazine in which you publish the unqualified endorsement of *Roosevelt's speech*, you say "the railroads are straining every nerve to earn dividends on $6,000,000,000 of water."

The Clifton *Mirror* jubilates especially over the happy prospect held out in Roosevelt's speech that railroad corporations will be so regulated as to encourage the construction of costly betterments that are everywhere needed. But how does Mr. Roosevelt propose that the railroads shall get the money to do this? On this point he says, "The want can only be met by private capital * * * It is, therefore, a prime necessity to allow investments in railway properties to earn a liberal return * * * We cannot get an improved service unless the carriers of the country can sell their securities; and, therefore, nothing should be done unwarranted to impair the credit nor to decrease the value of their outstanding obligations." There you have it. The railroads are not only to be allowed to earn "liberal returns" on their real investment plus the $6,000,000,000 of water you say it represents, but they are to be so regulated (coddled) that the fool people may put the necessary value into the hundreds of millions of securities which must be sold to get the money to make these "costly betterments."

During the year ending June 30, 1906, the railroads only earned above *all* operating expenses, $800,000,000. Operating expenses include all salaries, *which* includes thousands of over-paid high officials, enormous amounts paid to lobyists to debauch legislatures, millions paid out on damage suits the result of criminal negligence, etc., etc. Did Mr. Roosevelt even hint that any of *this* money could or should be taken to improve the railroads? Gracious, goodness, no. Did Mr. Roosevelt tell in his "Sound Talk" that while the railroad mileage of the year 1896 increased over that of 1895, only 25 per cent, the increase in profits during the same was 100 per cent? No, he did not hunt up any "figures" on that side of the question. All his *soundness* seemed to be exercised on the side of the railroad companies.

Plainly, Mr. Watson, what is your object in publishing such rot as "Roosevelt's Sound Talk?"

B. F. POWERS.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Under the caption "Say of Other Editors," we

print Public Opinion throughout the Union as seen by other Editors. In doing so we sometimes believe it to be good policy to print opinions that do not agree with the Editorial policy of this magazine, so that our readers may know what other Editors think and say.)

COLUMBUS, MISS., June 22, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—I have just read with much interest and pleasure your short sketch of Mr. Toombs in the July number of "WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN." I cannot forbear writing to you and giving you some unwritten history of Mr. Toombs that I got from my father in his lifetime.

My father loved Mr. Stephens, he *admired* Mr. Toombs—more, I dare say, than any man living or dead. He reported for the Augusta *"Chronicle and Constitutionalist,"* the memorable discussion between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Hill. The discussion that brought about Mr. Stephens' challenge to Mr. Hill and the altogether mythical reply of Mr. Hill that "he had a conscience and a family and that Mr. Stephens had neither."

At the Columbia meeting (at Thomson) Mr. Hill in the course of his speech, said that the people of Taliaferro and other counties of the district had taken Mr. Stephens up when a poor boy and educated him and made him what he was, and that whatever of fame and fortune he possessed he owed it to the people of the district; and that in return for all this he must call them "darkklantern conspirators and midnight assassins—that, indeed, the vocabulary of abuse seemed too poor to furnish him terms strong enough to express his contempt of them. Then, "Judas Iscariot betrayed his Lord, "Judas Master for thirty pieces of silver—but he didn't abuse him afterwards;" but almost immediately he turned toward Mr. Stephens, seated on the platform and said, "Of course, my remarks have no application to the gentleman."

My father said that when Mr. Hill made his comparison, Mr. Stephens removed an unlit cigar from his mouth, turned his head and looked deliberately at Mr. Hill. John Lofton, of Lexington, sitting beside my father in the audience said to my father when Mr. Hill made the comparison, "Now he's got his foot in it!" and upon Mr. Hill's disclaiming the evident application, Lofton cried out,

"Then what in hell did you say it for!"

The next day at Appling Mr. Hill said in his speech that the day before, he had accused Mr. Stephens of at Columbia, acting the part of Judas Iscariat with the people and that he had not resented it. My father reported this to Mr. Stephens and the challenge followed. Still quoting from my father's account, Mr. Toombs, Mr. Stephens not being present on account of illness, answered Mr. Hill that day at Appling, and made one of his greatest speeches. In his opening, after complimenting Mr. Hill, he said, patting himself on the breast, that he wanted the young gentleman to understand that he had "Old Bobnel" to meet to-day." Nobody but Toombs could say such a thing in such a way as not to excite at least an amiable contempt. While Mr. Hill was speaking, a violent personal colloquy arose between Mr. Toombs and Mr. Hill, finished off by Mr. Hill's saying dramatically that he was born insensible to fear. In closing his speech in which he had flayed Mr. Hill alive, Mr. Toombs turning toward Mr. Hill said: "Fellow citizens, the gentleman has informed you that he was born insensible to fear; if he can continue this discussion after the revelations made here today, he may well add to this that he

was also born insensible to shame and has continued so up to the present time."

This, and many, many other incidents in the life of Mr. Toombs have been recounted to me on numberless occasions by my father since my early boyhood days. My father's first examination as a medical expert witness was in a murder case with Mr. Toombs on one side and Mr. Stephens on the other. Mr. Toombs' cross-examination for the defense, he said, revealed an almost thorough knowledge of anatomy, surgery and pathology and was the most rigid to which he was ever subjected before or since. In a trial in a suit against a young fellow who had contracted debts while a student at Athens and when sued pleaded the baby act, my father heard Mr. Toombs say in his speech in the case, "the damned scoundrel, he was rotten before he was ripe!"

Either before the Georgia Legislature of '55, or in the convention when Johnson made the speech to which you refer in your "Bethany," my father was present and heard Mr. Toombs make the greatest speech of his life, not excepting his "Hamilton" speech. Somebody was up making a great speech when Toombs entered from the rear and the cry of "Toombs! Toombs! Toombs!" started and swelled into a roar as he progressed, until the speaker gracefully acknowledged that he was equally enthused and would gladly yield and himself introduced Mr. Toombs, conducting him forward before Toombs had time to start to select a seat on the platform.

As Macauly said of Mirabeau, Mr. Toombs had the faculty of framing quickly and uttering suddenly short, sharp, crisp sentences that came like flashes of lightning and decided great questions at critical moments. And he could in the same way brand a man or his deeds and the mark would last forever in the memory of men.

This, and more, but my time and your patience restrain me.

Sincerely yours,

Z. F. ANDERSON.

SPRINGDALE, June 11, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Quite some time ago I wrote you for the first two copies of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, stating I wished to see your side of the "Dissolution Question" from the N. Y. concern and see if "Tom" was still the same "Old Tom" or if he was in the wrong.

Copies received in due time and it is enough to say that it was all O. K. and I am reading every issue right along and still think the true Watson with his straight "hot stuff" is the real thing.

I have all my old copies loaned out and I would like to do something to spread the "light," so if you are financially able to mail a few sample copies here, your will find a half dozen names or so of people whom I think would be enlisted.

Hoping these names will be the beginning of an "endless chain" to help on the good work, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

C. G. PORTER.

1430 West Madison Street,
CHICAGO, ILL., May 6, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to respectfully suggest that if you and Messrs. William Randolph Hearst, William Jennings Bryan, Tom L. Johnson, (Mayor of Cleveland, O.) and Thomas H. Tibbles, (Editor *"The Investigator,"* Omaha, Neb.), were to unite on one "Platform" in the coming contest for the Presidency of the United States, and support each other, you might put up a strong battle. As regards the "Platform," I think the one Mr. Watson had when

you last ran for the Presidency of the United States was excellent. (I voted for you, but had Mr. Hearst been nominated, I would likkely have voted for him, as he might have won). In fact the Populist party appears to have very good ideas. Now either Mr. Hearst or Mr. Bryan should be nominated for President of the United States and one of them for vice-president, if we are to win. But here a little difficulty presents itself as to which of these two gentlemen should be preferred for President. So allow me to suggest that Messrs. Hearst and Bryan might settle it between themselves by drawing lots.

These five gentlemen I have mentioned are patriotic and interested in the welfare of the people. But you divide your ranks and the Republican party, who we may call the money-power, move solidly against you and throw you overboard.

You five gentlemen might meet privately, without any press, and settle the matter among yourselves.

Praying God for your health and happiness,

Respectfully your fellow citizen,
THOMAS WRIGHT HURST.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Watson:—As I sit in my Nebraska home on this, the 3d day of May, while a blinding blizzard is roaring without and snow to the depth of six inches covers the ground and still coming, I have plenty of time to write after reading your magazine for May.

You probably can imagine how a farmer feels under these circumstances at a time when he ought to be planting corn. Still we are told that there is a time for all things and that everything comes to him who waits.

I am a great admirer of your writings in the magazine and learn much from its pages, but there are a few things written in it which will require showing, viz: How you can be so big hearted as to produce as frontispiece the likeness of the Hon. W. J. Bryan, who so shamefully treated you and the Populist party in 1896.

Mr. Bryan is well known in his own State. Every one gives him credit as an orator and he is very much admired because of his ability to lead a procession, but his chances for President are as nothing compared to Mr. Roosevelt. Nor do I believe he can carry his State against any Republican that party may nominate. The voters will turn out when Bryan talks, but his escapade of 1904 lingers like a bad taste in the mouth.

Again I will say you are doing good work. While all may not agree on every subject, we can all say we have your candid views on all.

Wishing you unbounded success, I am, Yours truly,
W. C. STARKEY.

WEST POINT, GA., June 26, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have just read your JEFFERSONIAN July issue, and as usual with great interest.

Your Robert Toombs' letter is especially fascinating to me, and leads me to suggest that I wish you could reproduce a picture and a certain incident in the life of Mr. Toombs—one perhaps you never heard of and probably recalled by very few people. I read it in some paper a few years after the close of the Civil War. As you are aware, Toombs, Stephens and some others favored the use of cotton as a base of credit to establish our navy, etc.

Toombs, 1862, the time of the incident, was Colonel of a regiment with the army then on the lines near Richmond, facing McClellan's army, with plumed hat, bright new uniform, red sash, boots and spurs, had galloped into Richmond to hear this cotton

question discussed in the Confederate Congress, then in session. He took a seat well back in the hall and quietly listened with intense interest, when, finally, a vote was taken and the measure defeated. With great disgust he rose and stalked toward the door; suddenly stopped and wheeled on his feet and faced the speaker of the House; then with military cloak on his left arm, ploomed hat in his right hand, and with that majestic manner all peculiarly his own, the veritable king that he was, delivered one of the most masterful speeches ever heard by mortal man, denouncing those who voted against the bill and caused its defeat, then mounted his horse and galloped back to the army and at the head of his regiment led it to victory in the same day's fight near Richmond.

I saw this picture of Toombs and read the incident in some paper in the days of reconstruction. Few people, I presume, recall it. I wish you could get and reproduce the whole thing.

Perhaps Dr. and Mrs. Felton, or Sid Lewis, or Frank Colley, or Mrs. T. M. Green, (Washington, Ga.), or her sister, Miss Fannie Andrews, could furnish you some data on the subject.

It occurred to me the incident might interest you, since both of us are great admirers of the matchless Toombs.

With best wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours,

T. L. NORMAN.

West Point, Ga.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The incident referred to by our friend Norman, is given in "Stovall's *Life of Toombs.*")

.. DENVER, COLO., June 22, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,

Thomson, Ga.

Friend Watson:—Your esteemed favor of April 30th came duly to hand. I want to thank you for the grand work you are doing for the people.

I am pleased at your showing up John Sharp Williams and Texas Bailey. They belong to the "plunderbund," as did Gorman. I wish you would still air Tom Taggart. The present State Chairman here, Milt Smith, is a corporation attorney, and our Democratic Mayor is hand and glove with the franchise grabbers, though they are leading Republicans. What a pity that the party of Jefferson should be in the hands of such scoundrels, and men that are so undemocratic.

Should the reform forces in the Republican party be defeated in the next national convention what are the people to do? It would be worse than folly to support the Democratic party with such men as John Sharp Williams, Tom Taggart, Bailey, Cleveland, Belmont, Milt Smith and a host of others I could name, in the saddle.

The People's Party in this State has been jobbed to death, and the labor troubles have so distracted the people that the reform forces are scattered to the four winds of heaven. The President has started trouble that may end in good. I look for reform to come from elements that now compose the dominant party as it did when the great Republican party of Lincoln was born. The free-soil Democrats—the great liberty loving Democrats—were the bone, sinew and brains of that party. The Whigs were as truculent as the Democrats are now—they wanted power without deserving it.

Do not be too drastic with Mr. Bryan. He is a power for good. I am pleased, however, when you call his attention to the Money Question, for it is the most VITAL of all; and is in no manner settled. We are rushing on to destruction as sure as fate if something is not done to improve our money system. The demand for currency has forced out an immense vol-

ume of bank-credit currency that a breath will destroy. Our business—the greatest by far we have ever had in this country—is floating in a rarified atmosphere of bank-credit which is getting thinner each moment, and the time will soon come when our business must collapse. Not that our prosperity is not real enough, but because it rests upon an insecure foundation.

Some time ago I sent you a copy of Holden's little book entitled *The Disturbing Factor in Human Affairs.* On the seventh page, under the title, "A Prophecy" was printed these words:

"There is yet a book to be written about Money.
The man and the task will some day meet.
Nothing is more certain than that the world still lacks a true knowledge of that tremendous factor in modern life called—Money.
There is something about it which none of the books tell.
Its agency in human affairs is more far reaching and omnipotent than the economists claim."

We gave credit for this Prophecy to Senator Tillman in New Yorw *World,* 1896. Afterward the same thing word for word came out in an issue of the Tom Watson Magazine, published in New York. The editorial contained much more than this Prophecy and was of the same tenor. It was stated in the article that it was a reproduction of an article you had furnished to the New York *World* some years ago. This editorial put me in doubt as to Senator Tillman being the author of "The Prophecy." I wrote Chas. Q. DeFrance about it, but the matter was not cleared up. A few days ago Senator Tillman was in Denver. I met him and called his attention to the matter. He would neither claim or deny the authorship.

When I saw the editorial in the Tom Watson Magazine, I was sure the prophecy was yours, yet Mr. Holden could not understand why he had given credit to the senator when he clipped the article from the *World,* I feel that we owe you an apology, and in the next edition will correct the error.

In closing let me assure you that you have my best wishes. May you have strength to continue in your great work of emancipation.

Yours gratefully,

RICHARD WOLFE.

(NOTE:—Mr. Watson wrote the words on Money and if Tillman used them, he borrowed them. The words occur, first in a signed article on "Wall Street," written by Mr. Watson, in 1896, for the New York *World.*)

WHAT THE PRESS SAY ABOUT US.

Tom Watson, the Author.

Thomas Watson is a national figure. He is as honest as men are made. He is a stateman, an historian, a student, lover and producer of literature. He is now publishing at Atlanta, Ga., THE JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, the foremost magazine devoted largely to civic duties published in this country. In this magazine, he is giving to the world his best thought, the fruit of years of study, research and experience.

There is so much published to-day that the difficulty is to select that which is best. Every thoughtful man should certainly have at least one good, solid monthly magazine devoted, in part, to the discussion of the conditions confronting the country. Every citizen has a responsibility, and no responsibility is higher than of being informed as to the FACTS of the issues and questions arising in this country. Tom Watson is a great lawyer. He left a practice of over $20,000 a year to engage in literature, and the enlightenment of the people. He is an inveterate foe of trusts and monopolies, and he has the legal knowledge to discuss their powers and rights.

Watson's life of Andrew Jackson is running in the magazine. It alone is worth, to any young man, the price of the magazine many times over. In the May number, Thos. W. Tibbles contributes an article with illustrations, on "Bryan, The Man." Mr. Tibbles has known Bryan since he entered politics in Nebraska, seventeen years ago.

There is a novel of Southern life that is charming and is a strong production.

Gordon Nye, a cartoonist of great force, enlivens its pages with some of the best political cartoons of the day.

Hon. R. J. Wells, of this city, says that Watson's is the strongest political literateur of the day. Mr. Wells is himself a literary man, an author quite well known, who recently retired from the practice of law to devote himself to study and literary work.

The price of the magazine is $1.50, but by special arrangement, we can give the magazine and this paper both a year for $1.85, for a limited time.—The Soo *Critic.*

Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian.

We want to advise every subscriber of *The Rambler* to notice our clubbing offer of WATSON'S WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN.

We really want you to have this paper, as we believe that it is a privilege to have it in your house, especially if you have children whose minds are forming. Mr. Watson is unquestionably the greatest Southern historian and political writer and everything that comes from his pen is also clean and wholesome. All of those who have already paid their subscription to *The Rambler* will be given the benefit of this clubbing rate if they want it, although there will be nothing made by us in a deal of this kind; we are really anxious that our people read this periodical.

People of the county especially ought not to forget that Tom Watson was the man who secured the R. F. D. service which gives the farmer the mail privileges of the city man.—Cordele *Rambler.*

From Far Off Seattle.

I positively pity the man who cannot read Tom Watson's writings with great pleasure, and still greater instruction. There was only one Tom Macauly, one Tom Carlyle; there is only one "Tom Watson," and he is a combination of the other two combined. Did you read WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE for June, 1907? Get one by all means; price 15 cents at all popular news depots.—*The Patriarch,* Seattle, Wash.

Take Notice Finley.

Tom Watson advises President Finley of the Southern Railway to quit riding on his road, as much as to say, you know what happened to Spencer.—Swainsboro, Ga., *Blade.*

SOLITUDE.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS.

Let the People Think.

"Let the people take note that Minneapolis, a great city, receives of the State's money FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS to build a foot bridge in one of her parks. The bill is approved by the governor. Yet those soldiers who were residents here in 1862, who defended their homes and their families, prevented the destruction of New Ulm, Mankato, St. Peter, and other frontier towns by the blood-thirsty Indians, are given no compensation by the governor, though the legislature, through their committee after investigation, passed a bill authorizing them to receive a reasonable compensation."—*Fairmont Independent.*

There's nothing strange about that. The nabobs to whom the Governor gives $40,000 of the people's money to build a foot bridge are one class, and the pioneers who fought back the Indians another. The Governor only loves the latter class at vote-gathering time, while he loves the city nabobs all-year-round. See?—*Donham's Doings.*

The Destruction of the Poor Is Their Poverty.

Not their vices, as the ignorant rich are wont to say, but their poverty—that is what the poor suffer from. And it is not reserved for George Bernard Shaw to discover this truth, as he claims to have done. The truth is as old as Scripture. Though seldom quoted from the modern pulpit, the text is not altogether unfamiliar: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." But Shaw preaches well upon the text. Listen to him as he spoke early this month to a fashionable audience in London assembled to protest against the sweatshop: "I have heard all sorts of other explanations from well-to-do people. . . . They say it is intemperance or improvidence, or anything but the truth. . . . I will bargain to reduce the moral character of any one of you 90 per cent. by turning you out on the street and out of a job." Shaw's percentage estimate is moderate.—*The Public*, Chicago.

Names On Farms.

It has been frequently suggested, and the suggestion is a good one, for every farmer to place his name and the name of his farm on his road-gate. Not only would persons driving to a place more easily find it, but it would add more pleasure and interest to people driving from place to place. This last result would have special effect with regard to well-kept and pretty houses. An observing person will seldom pass a well-kept looking farm without desiring to know who is its enterprising owner. There would also be convenience in the suggestion, farmers would not be annoyed by having dogs barking and their live stock scared to a stampede by strangers calling just to enquire where Mr. So and So lived. Then it would be enterprising to have the name of the farm printed on your stationery. It would help to bring before others your specialty in raising bred stock, etc.—The Adams *Budget.*

Much Ado About Nothing But a Hat.

Mark Twain kept his hat on in the presence of royalty, and the fact was considered of enough importance to cable around the world.

Why shouldn't he have kept his hat on, and why should a fuss be

made over a trifle? That is the privilege of an American sovereign meeting any other sovereign on earth.

Mark Twain had a distinguished precedent for keeping covered in the presence of Edward VII.

When William Penn — good Quaker that he was—met Charles II. his hat remained where it was intended to be worn. Thereupon the King removed his own chapeau, remarking that it was the custom of the place for only one man to remain covered at a time.

Several things have happened since the days of Charles II., the American and French revolutions among others, and several long steps toward democracy have been taken in England and elsewhere.

As a result the amiable gentleman who now sits on the British throne retains all the forms of kingship with none of the substance.

To uncover in the presence of this mere shell of royalty may be all right as a piece of acting, but why should it be required of real men in a real world?—New York *American.*

A Lady's Paper.

Away out in North Dakota there is a weekly paper whose publisher, editor and proprietor is a lady,—Mrs. R. B. Doherty.

She calls it the Adams *Budget,* and a most creditable periodical it is.

Consider this little editorial of hers, and then compare it with one of the homilies which appear in the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald.*

"One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, and profitably employed, would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. One hour a day would earn enough to pay for two daily and two weekly papers, two leading magazines and a dozen good books. In an hour a day a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully—over several thousand pages or eighteen large volumes in a year. An hour a day might make all the difference between bare existence and useful, happy living. An hour a day might make—nay, has made an unknown man a famous one, a useless one a benefactor to his race, presidents of the United States. Consider, then, the mighty possibilities of two, four, yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by some of our young men in their desire for fun and diversion. Of course there must be time for some kind of amusement, but it is a very unprofitable investment to make a business of it."

The Clifton, Tenn., Mirror.

One of our brightest and best exchanges is *The Mirror,* of Clifton, Tenn.

The editor knows how to turn a paragraph as well as any of the journalistic bunch. For example:

"Harmony in Ohio sounds like a Killkenney cat fight.

"In some places the advance in the price of lumber has caused landlords to raise the price of board.

"Fairbanks is probably remaining in the presidential race because he thinks it will develop into a game of freeze-out.

"John L. Sullivan recently visited the white house and had a pleasant chat with the president. 'Birds of a feather,' etc.

"A penny for your thoughts" is the cry, and oftentimes that is a very high price. And they are not watered stock, either, but very dry.

"Lord Byron once said that a woman's face should be like an April day. But Lord Byron lived at a time when April was not as capricious as she was in 1907.

"The governors of North Carolina and South Carolina met at the James-

town Exposition the other day. Their first remark is said to have been an historic one..

"That heir to the Spanish throne arrived last Friday and King Alfonso is now walking the floor at nights singing that touching little song, 'A Charge to Keep I Have.'

"When other people are cussin' you out, just think how sorry they will be and how they will praise you when you are dead and gone. And then go on your sweet way rejoicing.

"The announcement that the Spanish baby can cry is pretty positive proof that the King and Queen of Spain have encountered at least one squall on the matrimonial sea.

"Henry Watterson suggests a dark horse for the Democratic presidential nomination. Perhaps Marse Henry thinks the Democrats should have a candidate who conforms to the color of the situation.

"One of the first lessons to learn on entering the railroad business is the one taught in geography that three-fourths of the earth's surface is water. The next lesson is to make the application of the water to the railroad stocks. After this, everything comes easy.

"An exchange suggests that the Panama canal will be opened for traffic during the administration of a Southern man as president. We suspected all along that the project would be a lifetime job.

"An Illinois man named Boggs has been mentioned in conection with the Democratic nomination for the presidency. Boggs—the name is too suggestive of mud. But after all, this might be the more appropriate."

Great Is Florida's Opportunity.

For prof of the falsity of the adage that the "unexpected always happens," I refer skeptical souls to the report made by the Joint Committee of Seven, three from the Senate and four from the House, appointed to inspect the work now being done by the Trustees in the Everglades, carrying out the obligation to drain and reclaim the swamp and overflowed lands, deeded to them *for this sole purpose* when the trust was created by the Legislature of 1855.

I say that the proof of the falsity of the adage that it is the unexpected that happens, is contained in this report, because in this case it was *the expected that happened.*

The Committee made a favorable report on drainage.

It could not well do anything else.

In fact, there was *nothing else to do.*

In writing home to the Roman Senate, Cæsar immortalized himself among writers by producing the scrap of writing that has been the model of how potent is the written word to contain breadths and depths of human thought, when he penned that famous epistle, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

This dispatch remained for two thousand years the model of expressive diction, until Pery licked the English on Lake Erie and sent to the Continental Congress his famous dispatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

The report of the Drainage Committee is not so short as that of the old Roman or the Young American, but it is *short enough.*

It contains as much *compressed* truth as either of those dispatches contained, but truth is of *far greater importance.*

Cæsar's dispatch announced to one heathen nation that another heathen nation was conquered.

Perry's dispatch announced to the law-making power of the young republic a victory achieved in war.

The report of the Drainage Committee announced to the people of Florida and of the world *a victory of peace* more gratifying than Cæsar's, more far reaching than Perry's.

It was by no means a partisan report.

There were members of that Committee who differed with the projectors of this great enterprise as to the legality and the practicability of it, as well as to its timeliness and utility.

Yet, *each member* of the Committee *signed the report* which contained a *complete endorsement* of the of the points about which many have disputed.

The limits of this column do not permit me to go into this report in detail. When I have said that it is a *favorable report,* I have *told the story,* but I will be tempted to particular citation just a little bit because the showing made in the report of the Committee contains enough to convince the most skeptical of the great *practical value* of the work now undertaken by the Trustees, and of its cheapness.

Here is the language of the report:

"They stopped and examined a crop of potatoes growing on land which they were informed was from twelve to eighteen inches under water *before this drainage canal was cut.* This piece of land was about one acre in area and the character of the crop was *finer than anything of the kind ever seen by any member of this Committee.*

"The estimated value of the crop on this land was about $700.

"The cost of the excavation per cubic yard has been—rock eight cents; in dirt, six and one-third cents."

This demonstrates both the value of the project, and that it is being prosecuted at the lowest possible cost.

Proof of this is obtained by turning to another part of the report which gives the result of the work of a similar character done by the United States Government. The lowest cost of this work in any locality in mud is eleven and six-tenths cents, and in rock one dollar and thirty-three cents per cubic yard.

Picking up the language of the Committee again, I quote:

"The difference in these figures when contrasted with the actual cost of the report of Engineer Newman for excavating done by the two State dredges is *very great,* and shows that the work is being done at a *minimum* cost."

As I said in the beginning, the report of this Committee should convince the most skeptical that drainage is not only a necessity, but an actual fact of great value, and as I have said before, I say again, this Legislature has nothing to do which *compares in importance* with the obligation upon it to legislate so that *nothing can interfere* with the prosecution of this work in the most complete and speedy manner that it is possible to carry on.

Again I say, drain the Everglades.

And if anything interferes with it, *push it aside.*

If courts do not adjudicate properly, *reorganize them.*

If Legislators do not legislate wisely, *elect new ones.*

This is the greatest project that is now being prosecuted in this country.

Florida should seize this opportunity which will make it the greatest among Southern States.

I have not touched upon the immense advantages that a water way running from one end of the State to the other and across it, would give, because there is no one to be found who questions this.

It will certainly regulate transportation charges *for all time.*

I have devoted my attention to the drainage project as an agricultural possibility because there are some yet to be found who doubt it.

None should doubt it after reading the report of the Committee.

I recommend it to every patriotic citizen of Florida. It would be well

for each citizen to study it so as to have at his finger's ends the *great truths contained in it.*

This Committee has done a great work for the State of Florida.

It has discharged its duty well, and deserves the thanks of the Legislature which appointed it and the people which created the Legislature.—*The Sun,* Tallahassee, Fla.

A New York Chapter From Zola.

A trivial young man with a weak chin and a narrow chest had lived from his youth up in respectability. The neighbors set their clocks by him. He had no konwledge of the roystering Tenderloin. He had won commendation in two posts of trust in Rochester and had come to New York, where he lived the uneventful life of an honest $1,800-a-year bank teller, in a tiny apartment with an exemplary wife. The chances were many hundreds to one that he would so continue to the end.

Chester B. Runyan's own story is probably true that he began speculating with other people's money because he worried about his lungs and needed a health trip. It is characteristic of many men to think that they can surely improve their health somewhere else, though they will not take the trouble to do it where they are. He gambled and lost—the lamb is usually fleeced. When a lamb loses his own wool it often makes him a wiser and better man; when he loses other people's wool it almost inevitably makes him a criminal.

The change in Runyan was instantaneous and startling. He never met the Carter woman, who betrayed him, until June 18. His business honesty, his morals, his common sense, his economical habits, all went out of sight in one big explosion. On the day of his flight he tossed package after package of the bank's money into his suit case; he lavished money upon his paramour; by his own story he tossed her nine years' salary in a few days. Where he had formerly counted carefully his car fares he bought her expensive jewelry. He had no use for the money he had stolen except to throw it away.

To cap the climax of one of the most extraordinary little dramas of crime New York has known for many a day Delilah told. Delilah does not usually tell. It is against her code of honor. The colored maid, Mary Duncan, felt her immeasurable superiority to the informer when she said to *The World* reporter:

"I've got a black skin, but I haven't got a black heart like that there Carter. I am respectable, I am. I've got a husband and I don't want my name printed in any newspaper with those folks."

The detectives found Runyan loafing about the flat, where he had been for a week without putting his head out of doors. That was his "health trip." It is likely to be his last for some time. Bank clerks who steal are much more likely to go to prison than thieving railroad presidents or insurance exploiters. The climate of Sing Sing is not good for narrow-chested young men who go wrong.—New York *World.*

A Foolish Millionaire.

Mr. E. H. Harriman's exploit during the progress of the Yale-Harvard regatta recalls that proverb of the ancients, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." There is no doom of destruction overhanging Mr. Harriman or his class that the times presage, but some of them seem to invite public hostility, and this latest escapade is a fair example of that kind of folly.

The incident was a small matter in itself. It would have been of no consequence if the chief actor had been some person unknown to the public, but for Mr. Harriman to make such open defiance of law and public

rights tends to influence the popular resentment towards him and the class he especially represents.

If the French nobles prior to the revolution could have been brought to realize the offensiveness of their attitude towards the masses, probably that bloody catastrophe might have been averted. There is no sort of parallel in present conditions in the United States with those in France prior to the revolution, but the multi-millionaire class are not loved by a large portion of the American public, and those of Mr. Harriman's class who have got their great wealth by bold emprise of a doubtful character and flagrant disregard of public rights come in for the greatest censure. They are the exponents of that "predatory wealth" we hear so much denounced, and any act by one of these that savors of outlawry or contempt of the public is certain to arouse resentment.—Nashville *Banner*.

THE HEART OF A ROSE.

BY SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT.

Thy wondrous secrets, sovereign flower,
Wilt thou to me impart?
The mysteries of thy royal heart?
Thy secrets, Rose, my Rose,
I prithee now disclose!

With grace thou wearest queenly dower,
Thou fairest flower a-bloom!
Whence were thy robes, from Orient loom?
Thy secrets, Rose, my Rose,
I prithee now disclose!

Thy heart a flaming ruby, seems
Deep blushing at thy charms;
Or dost thou know love's fond alarms,
Thy secrets, Rose, my Rose,
I prithee now disclose!

Who crowned thy stately regal head,
Madè thee a reigning queen?
Some wise, some unseen power, I ween.
Thy secrets, Rose, my Rose,
I prithee now disclose!

What fount of beauty ever flows
Around thy crimson heart,
Fashioned by cunning, cryptic art?
Thy secrets, Rose, my Rose,
I prithee now disclose!

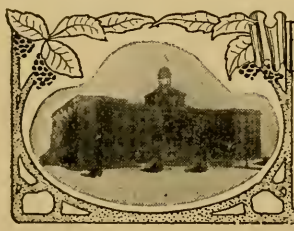
THE Story of Every Man's Economic Life.

An Important New Series of Popular Articles by **LOUIS F. POST,**
Editor of THE PUBLIC, and Author of "Ethics of Democracy."

DEALING in a concrete way with the familiar facts of social life which profoundly affect every person, these articles explain, in a clear and popular style, the economic relations of human beings to each other and to society. Here is a new way blazed to reveal to everyone the true social service—to teach from the every day facts of life the science of the getting of a living by human beings and communities. This series begins with the first issue of August.

This is only one of the many valuable features of **THE PUBLIC.** which is a **National Journal of Fundamental Democracy.** With LOUIS F. POST as editor, and its force of advisory and contributing editors from all sections of the United States and abroad, it is the best review of the progress of democratic thought and action. **Subscription $1.00 Yearly, 50c Half Yearly, 25c Quarterly.**

THE PUBLIC. First National Bank Building, CHICAGO.



MERIDIAN FEMALE COLLEGE

Largest Private College in the South. Non-sectarian, stands only on its merit, best religious influence, high curriculum, excellent faculty, thorough work. Forty-three Scholarships for tuition given out of the tithe money. **Largest Conservatory of Music in the South.** Said by patrons to be the safest college for girls in the land. For beautiful illustrated Catalogue write to

J. W. BEESON, President, Meridian, Miss.

BEE LINE PRICES

A "Straight Shoot" from the Factory to You.

YOU DODGE THE JOBBER'S COMMISSION, THE WHOLESALER'S PROFIT, AND THE DEALER'S "RAKE-OFF" WHEN YOU BUY A

Malsby, Shipp & Co.'s Buggy.

¶ We make unqualified claims for all of our vehicles and back up every guarantee with a good bank account, and 40 years' reputation for square dealing ¶ We want to sell you, because we want to save you money. When we save you money we become your benefactor. You will thank us heartily when you realize how much we **really do save you** on the purchase of a vehicle. We guarantee prompt shipment and safe delivery, and privilege of **thorough** examination. If upon comparison you are not convinced we have sold you as good a vehicle as your dealer would have asked you from 30 to 50% more for, we will pay freight both ways and refund your money. ¶ We couldn't make a more liberal offer than this, because we wouldn't know how ¶ Write at once for Big New Free Catalog that describes and prices all of our beautiful "Southern Style Vehicles from $25.00 up.

MALSBY, SHIPP & CO.
Dept K 41 S. FORSYTH ST
ATLANTA, GA.